

JUVENILE
INDISCRETIONS.

A NOVEL.

VOL. III.

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INDIAN RESERVATION

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NO. 1

J U V E N I L E
I N D I S C R E T I O N S.

A N O V E L.

I N F I V E V O L U M E S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ANNA, or the WELCH HEIRESS.

Then sure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes,
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

POPE'S ESSAY ON SATIRE.

VOL. III.

L O N D O N.

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M D C C L X X V I.

THE
INDISCREET

A NOVEL

IN FIVE VOLUMES

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE HISTORY OF



VOL. III.

LONDON: W. LANE, 15, MARK LANE, 1847.

Juvenile Indiscretions.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Contrast.

WHEN Henry was set down at Staines, he learnt, to his great mortification, that there was no post-chaise, nor other returns that day for London; and as his purse was in the low plight premised, it did not suit him either to hire a carriage, or remain at the inn; he therefore walked on, though the rain still continued, and the gloomy appearance of the sky seemed to portend weather very unfavourable to foot-travellers. He continued walking very fast, and had got about a mile on his way, when

the Gosport coach went by, fully laden within and without. Seeing there was no vacant place in it, Henry suffered it to pass; but it had not proceeded many yards before the coachman was bid to stop, and a black rough headed sailor, hailed him as a passenger.

Hollo, my lad, said he, 'tis dirty weather, mayhap a foul wind may'nt agree with you, and my birth, though it keeps clear from wind and water, is worse than the bilboas, and so, dye see, brother, if you have a mind to take it, why I'll get a-lost; that is all the matter.

Henry was surprised at an offer of such kindness from a stranger. He thanked the sailor; but as the weather was indeed dirty, and likely to be more so, he told him he could by no means accept an offer that would be so inconvenient to the person to whose civility he was so much obliged.

Oh, d—n your jaw, cried the sailor, who having drank pretty freely, found himself very sick in the coach; if you like a wet jacket, even take it; here, Will, come and take my birth.

Split my mainsail if I do, replied Will, I had rather swab the decks in a high wind, than be cramm'd down in the hold with all the port-holes shut.

Well, make room above then, answered rough head.

Aye, aye, returned Will, sitting close; on which the other sprung out of the coach window to the top, where as soon as he had put a quid of tobacco in his mouth, he gave a loud whistle, and bid the coachman set sail.

Dellmore now perceiving the sailor's offer proceeded from his being tired of his situation, agreed with the coachman for a trifle to carry him to town, and got in. There were five other passengers in the coach, three of whom were common sailors; the fourth, a young man in lieutenant's uniform, whose sun-burnt complexion bespoke his right to wear the white lapel; and the fifth, a smart young man, but in dress, manners and sentiment, a direct contrast to the other four.

4 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS:

This person, who was exceedingly well arrayed, fat squeezed up in one corner of the coach in visible terror, lest his bloom-coloured coat, fatten breeches of the same colour, and white silk waistcoat, should suffer by the offensive tars, whose native good humour was greatly augmented by the liquor they judged it incumbent on them to swallow at every inn where the coach stopped.

One of these happy fellows bid Henry mind how he stowed, and offered him a dram as soon as he was seated, which on his declining, another very courteously asked if he would take a quid, while the third, who had but one arm, roared out, "Sweet Poll of Plymouth;" and as soon as the brandy-bottle and tobacco-box were replaced, he was joined by his two messmates.

Pray, good gentlemen, said the beau, distorting his smooth face, I entreat you, for heaven's sake, my nerves are totally deranged, I must be under the necessity of quitting the carriage.

Well,

Well, answered the finger, and if you do, d--n my buttons if we part company till we get into port.

Poh, answered the tar with the bottle, you know better, messmate, than to part company in a gale; besides, privateers are in the offings, and what the devil would you do without a convoy? you'd be on a lee-shore before you could say Jack Robinson.

Besides, joined the third, as to the gear you are so d--nd careful of, you may talk of your civet-cats, and snuff your bottles as much as you like, but if you'd listen to me, dye see, a quid now of this here best Virginia---

Peace, lubbers, said the officers, can't ye let the gentleman go to the devil his own way.

Aye, aye, Sir; God blefs your honour, answered the one-armed finger, my blood rises whenever I fall in with any of the sneaking crew of monkeyronies; I'll warrant now, this same tender gentleman was

one of the peace-makers that turned so many of us honest fellows adrift.

Oh, tout au contraire, said the beau, I lose by the peace.

What the devil does he say, demanded one of the tars? What lingo is that you're talking?

Why, its either Welch or High Dutch, answered another.

No, said the officer, I thought you, Jack Mizen, had been long enough in a French prison to know puppy's tongue when you heard it.

Oh, ho! returned the sailor, belay me if I didn't smell a stink-pot; I wonder how a Mounshear can have the impudence to join company with British seamen.

Why, you know, brother, 'tis peace, cried another.

Avast, avast, said the third; peace or war, d--n me if ever I take a Frenchman for my comfort.

Nor I.

Nor I.

Nor I.

The

The determined looks of the tars frightened the beau out of his politeness; he condescended to tell them, in plain intelligible English, that he was born within the sound of Bow-bell; that the farthest journey from London he had ever taken was that from which he was now returning; and lastly, that all he knew of the French lingo, as they called it, was contained in a list he always carried in his pocket-book.

The officer, on this, casting a good-humoured significant look at Henry, advised him to produce it; and the disabled sailor being the only one of the three who had any acquaintance with the alphabet, very formally received a sheet of gilt paper, written on all sides, and attempted to read the contents to his messmates; but not being able to make out, as he said, either latitude or longitude, he delivered it to the officer, who referred it to Dellmore, and he, at the joint request of the party, read as follows.

A list of polite French phrases to be used on every possible occasion.

Sans doute.

Song do, cried the finger; what, you can ax for a song in French; hap your asses ears are too long to relish a good English song; and immediately striking up, "Cease rude Boreas, blust'ring railer." The joining in of the other tars into that excellent song (which they went through with judgment and feeling) could not be more acceptable to the beau, though it relieved both himself and mem's from a very undesirable predicament, than it was to the officer and Henry, with both of whom, on conclusion of the song, the fingers cordially shook hands, and then returning to the attack on the poor beau, the maimed inquisitor, with a shrewd look, asked if so be as how he was not a Mounsheer, what he wanted with the lingo; for because, d'ye see, what should a king George's man want with French songs, and so, dy'e see, we desire to know---then clapping suddenly his hand to his mouth, hallooed through it in a voice that startled Henry, and petrified his well-dressed fellow-traveller,

Whence

Whence came ye ?

From Windsor, answered he, trembling.

Where are you bound ?

To London.

What's your name ?

Peter Martin.

What calling are ye ?

A clerk in the Navy-Office.

Avast, avast, cried the one who took care of the brandy-bottle ; you belong to the Navy-Office, brother, you say ?

He assured them, he did ; and that he had been to spend a day at one of *their* gentlemen's ; i. e. another clerk's country-house.

D--n me, Jack, said the sailor, with great glee, we're in luck ; and clearing his mouth of the quid, this will do ; if so be, Sir, as you belong to the Navy-Office, I a got a petition for your honour. Here was Jack Mizen and me went ashore at Gib, just to see our wives, and our square-toed captain sailed without us ; and thof we were aboard when the Ranger took the gagoon, the sons

of rogues put an R to our name; now if your honour---

Oh, interrupted the impolitic beau, that is not in my way.

Why, then, brother, can't ye step a little out of your way, to assist a couple of honest fellows?

No; he protested he could not.

Why, then, replied the sailor, gruffly, I'll tell you a thing or two; I'll tumble your fine gear, and your thick head, and your Song do, out at the port-hole, and the helmsman may put an R to your name, friend.

The seamen were one and all; they were unused to threaten, without putting their threats in execution, and proceeding immediately to action, actually seized the unfortunate clerk, who, notwithstanding it continued raining very hard, they were determined should face the weather.

Dellmore, to whom their rough manners and conversation were a novelty, and who had been bringing into comparison in his own mind, the exact portrait drawn
of

of those sons of Neptune, and beautifully translated by our English Homer in the *Odysey*---

- " A race of rugged mariners are these,
- " Unpolished men, and boist'rous as the seas;
- " The native islanders alone their care,
- " And hateful he that breathes a foreign air.
- " These did the Ruler of the deep ordain,
- " To build proud navies and command the main;
- " On canvas wings to cut the watery way—
- " No bird so light, no thought so swift as they."

was roused from observation, equally new and pleasing, by the pitiable screams of the weaker party, who implored protection from the officer and him. He began to think it incumbent on his humanity to take an active part in the scene, and insisted on the sailors letting go their hold on their fellow-traveller; but neither his arguments or manual strength would have prevailed, if the before-mentioned young officer had not interfered, and with an authoritative air and voice, ordered them to their quarters. To him they were obe-

dient, paying a voluntary and implicit regard to his command, although it was evident, with respect to their own inclinations, that it was with great reluctance they suffered Mr. Peter Martin to resume his seat; they, however, took especial care to entertain him with a great variety of chorus, downright English songs, far more noisy than harmonious, and to scatter tobacco-spittle in abundance over his bloom-coloured coat and breeches during the remainder of the journey, till they reached Hammersmith, when he was at least relieved by the change of singing to the noise of snoring.

This cessation of hostilities gave Henry an opportunity of forming some judgment on his less drowsy companions. The officer threw himself back on the seat, evidently disposed to take the same opportunity for a similar purpose; so that a recollection of what had passed, and a further attempt to judge by his countenance of the traits within, were all that remained in his power, with

with respect to him. As to his other companion, he was disposed to take every advantage of the truce, the present insensibility of his foes allowed him.

Mr. Peter Martin seldom found himself at a loss for words; and the protection he had so recently received, called them forth in great abundance. He was profuse in his thanks and acknowledgments to his fellow-travellers, who each disclaimed any merit from a conduct enforced both by justice and humanity.

The officer palliated the behaviour of the sailors, by saying, they were three very honest fellows, excellent seamen, and brave as the day; that their very errors originated in love for their country, and loyalty to their prince; that having nothing so much at heart as the glory of Britain, and the humbling her foes, which could not be achieved without great personal labour as well as danger, they were the less solicitous about dress and appearance themselves, and the less capable of comprehending the necessity of it in others; that the
exhila-

exhilaration of their spirits by the effect of the liquor they had drank, together with the sourness they all felt at the finish put to their laurels and hopes by a peace; which, however acceptable to the nation at large, was always sure to be reprobated by sailors, had led them into a conduct which, he was sorry to say, Mr. Martin had reason to consider as injurious to him; but, continued he, the colour rising in his face from a noble eagerness that also exalted his voice, the souls of those poor fellows, notwithstanding their rugged outward appearance, are full of humanity; *they* would not willingly hurt a worm. A pause succeeded this eulogium, which proceeded from very different causes; the officer felt a pity for their follies, mixed with his regard for men who had been long enough under his command to convince him of their worth: His silence was the effect of that pity.

Mr. Dellmore needed no further study, he instantly decyphered his companion; and the speech he had made, as well as the traits

traits of sensibility he discovered, which were sure marks of his sterling value.

Mr. Peter Martin differed from both; he was too sore with the fright and insult he had received, to admit a possibility that it could have been offered by beings, who possessed a single good quality; it would have given him infinite pleasure, if instead of allowing the sailors any merit, he could have seen them severely punished; and he felt no small contempt for a man who appeared to hold such despicable wretches in any esteem: but as he did not think it politic just now, to let those his sentiments escape him, he contented himself with his own ideas, and after a little time entered into familiar chat with our hero, in the course of which he informed him,

That he, Mr. Peter Martin, was a person of great importance in his way; that the place he filled, was one of small labour and large profits; that his leisure and genteel income, enabled him to keep a great deal of good company, and to resort to most public places of amusement.

He

He could point out with wonderful facility, the particular excellencies of each of the public performers; knew exactly for which action, feature, or manner, every female on the stage were most admired, and was perfectly well acquainted with the value each set on her reputation. He could tell, off hand, the merits and demerits of all the pieces that have been performed at either theatre, within the last five years; his opinion, he insinuated, was the criterion of taste, and his judgment decisive; he was, besides, particularly intimate with all the demireps that frequented the green boxes, and well received, he said, at the houses of the first rate courtezans; a passionate admirer of music, liked nothing so well, except dancing; and in both those accomplishments, he informed his fellow-travellers, he excelled. As to the business of the office, about which Henry, for obvious reasons, was particularly inquisitive, trifling as he acknowledged it was, the fatigue was a bore; he reluctantly thought of it, and was sorry to mention it.

It

It however happened, notwithstanding the insipidity of his character, that the subject he seemed most conversant with, which was the theatre, was very agreeable, not only to Dellmore, but to the young officer; they heard with pleasure, that excited their curiosity, the several anecdotes that so easily flowed from his very voluble tongue; and notwithstanding our hero's finances were much beneath par, he entered into an engagement, proposed by Martin, of going to the play in the evening.

It was near five o'clock, when a period was put to the entertainment which Mr. Martin gave his delighted auditors, by the coach driving into the inn yard of the Golden Cross.

The sailors being awakened with some difficulty, retired to the tap-room, and our hero and his companions into the house, where they called for coffee, and the officer having ordered his baggage in, he bespoke a bed.

Dell-

Dellmore being a total stranger to London, and having no acquaintance or friend to direct his choice, followed his example, as to the last part; but as to the former, the reader knows, *he had no baggage.*

Just as they were on the point of going to the theatre, the sailors, with whom Martin flattered himself he should never again be associated, entered the room, headed by the one-armed singer, with their hats off, and very respectfully addressing the officer, they begged to drink his honour's health at parting.

Their request was cheerfully complied with, and the waiter ordered to make a crown bowl of punch for them; but though the drinking this they made the pretext of their stay, it was but a pretext, as neither of them seemed in a hurry to move; and Martin hinting it would be late, the lieutenant offered a hand to each of the sailors, and heartily wished them well. Still they looked wishfully at each other; at length, the keeper of the tobacco chest
broke

broke silence, addressing himself to the singer.

Come, bear a hand, my lad, get your jawing tacks aboard, you see the lieutenant is on duty, what we have to say need not slacken his sail.

The officer, on this, drew back in an attitude of attention.

Please your honour, cried the honest creature, my messmates and I, since we were turned over from your honour's command, have been in luck; we fell in with the mounsheers, and got, d'ye see, a large cargo of prize money, more than we can fairly spend: now, we believe, your captain had got a shabby nack of steering clear of the mounsheers, and the dons, and if so be as that there was his trim, though your honour be as brave an officer as ever stept from stem to stern, why how should you get along side of the Louis, and mayhap you won't get confirmed neither under old daddy, and so we be minded to beg your honour will take a few of these here shiners off our hands, (taking from one of his

his companions a parcel of money tied up in a silk handkerchief, and offering it with his one hand to the officer) and adding, it may serve your honour for ballast in case you should get on a lee-shore.

The countenance of the young man, whose name was Montgomery, became softened, his eyes glistened, and his tongue faltered, at this instance of disinterested affection from his brave comrades.

Put up your money, my dear lads, cried he, and keep it to fight a cock for yourselves; I have enough to treat you, my brave fellows, and carry me safe into port.

The singer looked incredulous, and still kept his one arm extended towards the lieutenant with the money; and so earnest were the two to have him accept it, that they became clamorous in their request, and he was obliged to affect a ferocity, as foreign to his nature, as anger was to his real feelings, and bid them go about their business, with a few hearty d---ns for their folly, which they returned him with interest for his

his obstinacy, sending him freely to the devil for not taking their money.

Henry Dellmore's heart was formed in nature's softest mould; humanity was his predominant bias; the generosity of his nature was very inadequate to his circumstances, and fear was a stranger to his soul. How then could sentiments so congenial to his own, and actions that excited both his admiration and approbation, fail to draw, by the irresistible impulse of sympathy, his affectionate regard towards beings who appeared so utterly devoid of guile, and so filled with the spirit of true benevolence?

The liberality of the unpolished sailors gave him a sensation of delight which increased at the manner of the lieutenant's declining their kindness, and the manly and grateful emotions that beamed on his countenance, kept him in silent pleasure, which was succeeded by a sigh of regret, at the recollection of his own confined circumstances; and in that moment, for the first time, did he regret he was no longer
in

in the possession of Mr. Franklin's pecuniary favours.

You will not, Sir, said the beau, with a sang froid easily accounted for, meet many such offers in the metropolis.

Perhaps not, replied the officer coolly. I believe, resumed Martin, I should have been tempted to become banker to those fellows.

Perhaps so, answered the lieutenant; if it were only, continued the clerk, to prevent the shiners, as they called them, from falling into worse hands. You suppose *that* an easy matter then, cried Montgomery, sarcastically. They will certainly be fooled out of their money, added Martin.

Montgomery smiled. Fifty to one, continued he, whether they have a single guinea by to-morrow morning; it is really a pity so much money should be thrown away; egad, if I had known the depth of their pockets, and understanding, I should have paid some homage to the brandy-bottle and tobacco-box.

We

"We will go to the theatre, if you please," said Montgomery, sternly. Henry arose with alacrity, and, involuntary, took hold of the officer's arm, Martin following; and in that position they reached Drury-lane.

What it was I cannot describe, nor perhaps will *all* my readers imagine, that in this simple act conveyed our hero's ideas to Montgomery; but certain it is, he knew Henry's sentiments, not only of himself, but of Martin, without his uttering a word on the subject.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Quakers.

MR. Peter Martin was a renter of Drury-lane Theatre; he therefore led boldly to the boxes, where he passed free himself, leaving his two companions to lay down their

their five shillings each, which they did with rather an ill grace.

It was a matter of little importance to Mr. Martin *who* opened their purse strings, so as *his* were closed; his appetite, something keener than Dellmore's, or Montgomery, had urged the insufficiency of coffee to answer the purpose of dinner; he therefore, ordered in some cold beef and a bottle of port, which, as the bill was not called for by them, he thought unnecessary to pay for.

The young men ascended into one of the green boxes, where, as soon as they were seated, Martin left them to speak to a shewy woman in another adjoining.

I should have been quite as well pleased, said Montgomery, pointing to the pit, to have sat below.

Cannot we *now* go there, answered Henry.

No, said he, no retreat now, but we will not take such a pilot another time. Martin soon rejoined them. The play was the School for Scandal, and both Dellmore

more and his new friend, became very soon too much interested in the piece, to attend to any thing else. It was not until the end of the second act, that they observed Mr. Martin's attention was given to the company, and not to the play, and that every other box was, by turns, honoured with his presence; a circumstance of which they would have been ignorant, but from a bustle in the house, on the entrance of a great personage in the opposite stage box; where, to their mutual astonishment, close by a star and garter, they beheld the sharp face of Mr. Peter Martin. But as they had no time to congratulate each other on the acquisition of an acquaintance of such importance, he disappeared in one moment, and the next they recognized him in was one of the upper boxes, talking with great ease and familiarity to a fille de joye. He afterwards joined his company, but his society was too valuable to be long confined to one place, and he left them again before the close of the third act.

It was now half price, and the boxes filled with that sort of company so seducing and so destructive to young men, whose minds being then in a state of hilarity, void of care, and entranced by the various pleasing objects around them, they forgot how much they were exposed to the allurements of folly, and the designs of the abandoned.

A handsome female crouding in behind Montgomery, the artless sailor paid immediate homage to her charms; he instantly resigned his seat to her, which she accepted, with a naïveté and grace that added to her natural beauty. They entered into conversation, and Dellmore, who was not quite so inexperienced as when he left Ether, vainly endeavoured to draw his companion's attention from the lady, to the play. Spite of all his endeavours to prevent it, he had the mortification to see the brave, open-hearted son of Neptune, in the trammels of a prostitute, who was the more dangerous from her personal attractions.

Martin,

Martin, on his part, enjoyed with great glee, the entrée into *the world* of a young sailor, whose rugged honesty had silently reproved his own want of principle.

Before the entertainment was finished, Montgomery whispered Dellmore he should see him in the morning, and handed the lady out of the box.

Our hero was accompanied to the inn by Martin, who gave him his voluntary attendance, and having eat an oyster, and partook of a bottle of wine, again took his leave, without giving Henry the trouble of calling for the reckoning, conceiving, no doubt, that *his* company was a full equivalent for his share in the expence.

Henry soon retired, not indeed to rest, for his mind was not in a state that would forget itself; he mourned with great sincerity, the easy frailty which he feared would deprive him of Montgomery's acquaintance. His accidental meeting with Clara Elton, while it revived those sentiments of tenderness that dissipation had helped to efface, had also taught him a lesson of pru-

dence; it had brought back to his memory, the peaceful serenity of those days which were unmarked with immoral excesses. The first misfortune, or at least, the first that had affected his peace, was his affair with Lavinia; it was the first act his conscience had disapproved, and it was succeeded by misery and regret: except for this he might have been possessed of Clara; and except for his last folly at Windsor, he might have flattered himself she would remember him with pleasure. By one indiscretion he had lost every hope of her love; by another, he had too probably forfeited her esteem. To know the force of those reflections, to be perfectly sensible of their poignancy, the heart must be naturally as uncorrupted, it must be as fondly devoted as his was. To reform his conduct with the hope of being rewarded by the possession of the woman he adored, would have been a merit founded on interest: of that he despaired; but was nevertheless sensible, that he owed it to his own understanding, as well as to the gratitude due to Mr. Franklyn, to live, so

as not to reflect dishonour on the generosity and example of that amiable man.

He would, when his expences at the inn were paid, have been reduced to his last guinea; a couple of days there, would leave him penniless. He knew not the strength of Mr. Montgomery's purse, nor was *that*, on his own account, material; his spirit scorned the idea of deriving any advantage to himself from that source; but for *his* sake, he hoped the imprudence in which he was then engaged, would not embarrass his circumstances. Be that as it would, his own would soon oblige him to forego an acquaintance with a person to whom he found himself warmly attached. He was sure Montgomery's heart was good, although so little could be said of his discretion.

Among other painful retrospects, Lavinia Orthodox could not be forgotten; his engagement to her, that insuperable bar to hope, had haunted him from the instant of his meeting with Clara. But though his repugnance to a union with her increased every moment, the same tenderness of heart

heart that first drew him into that engagement with her, now pictured her to his imagination, lamenting perhaps over her infant, his unfeeling neglect. Yet, what consolation could he now afford her, his heart burning with a sincere and ardent passion for another woman? Himself, a poor and friendless wanderer, what could he impart to her, but wretchedness and grief? His thoughtless extravagance at Bristol, had deprived him of the power of offering her any pecuniary assistance, if he had known where to send to her; and as to seeing her, he dreaded less to encounter dissolution, than be called on to marry her. He grieved he had not left her his purse when he went from the manor; but he had comfort in remembering Mr. Franklyn's promise, to be her protector.

The next thing that occurred to him, was the resolution he had formed of taking some step towards removing Miss Elton out of her present ineligible situation; a step that was rendered of the more importance, by the idea that she had accompanied

Hol-

Holcombe in the phaeton. The remaining part of the sleepless night was passed in considering of ways and means to compass his design, without giving Miss Elton, or her guardian, reason to suspect the intimation came from him. He at length fixed on Mr. Burgefs, to whom he was a personal stranger, relying on the caution and reserve of his religion and principle, for a powerful second to his wishes, as he was convinced, every rational, unprejudiced mind, would, in this case, coincide with him; he therefore resolved to wait on that gentleman, depending on his change of name, (and his being a personal stranger to him) for concealment; and he determined to use the strictest caution, on his side, to prevent the officious medler from being discovered to be him, who was once so dear at Ether.

The next day he devoted to this business; after which, he determined to seek some mode of providing decently for himself, by dint of industry; and if he found

it impracticable in England, to seek it elsewhere.

Early in the morning, he set out for Clapham, and having easily found Mr. Burgess's house, he begged to speak with him on particular business.

He was immediately shewn into a large handsome parlour, by an elderly servant in plain brown cloaths, where Mr. and Mrs. Burgess were at breakfast.

The looks of those quakers were more than mildness itself; they were sufficient to encourage the most diffident, while the unaffected sanctity of their manners were equally calculated to abash the presuming. Mr. Burgess's words were few, but they were the harbingers of sincerity, and full of the honest meaning of his soul; peace dwelt in his heart, and a plentiful serenity reigned in his house: in a word, his life was gentle, and the elements so mixed within him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, "this is a man." Opposite him sat Rebecca his wife.

Henry

Henry Dellmore had seen Clara Elton; he was an admirer, nay, he was a connoisseur of beauty: but notwithstanding all he had seen of others, and all he felt for Clara, the fair quaker exhibited a face and form, that, though they had suffered from time and sickness, excelled all he had ever before seen.

Rebecca Burgeſs was at this period, in her thirty-eighth year; ſhe had been long in an ill ſtate of health, and was confequently thin, but her figure had an elegance and ſymetry in it, that captivated the eye, without a poſſibility of ſaying to which one's admiration was moſt due; thoſe who are partial to the enbon point, on viewing Rebecca Burgeſs, would be obliged to confeſs, it would not add to her charms: from her, the moſt eminent ſtatuary might have taken a model of perfection. Her face was oval and delicate, her eyes were a dark hazle, her hair and eye-brows cheſnut, rather inclined to the auburn; the lilly reigned unrivalled in her cheeks, except when crimſoned by the

blushes of pudicity; then her pure blood became eloquent in her countenance. Her nose was a small aquiline, and her lips and teeth were the most beautiful contrast of red and white that nature ever formed; her complexion was fair, animated, and clear; it was the beautiful white hue that dazzled the beholder, without bringing snow to the memory; and her neck, hands and arms, were more particularly of this description than her face; two small moles graced one corner of her little mouth, and dimples innumerable surrounded it, when, as often as she spoke, a smile (the smile of benevolence, not levity) adorned her features. Constant ill health, left no trace but of extreme delicacy on her brow, and the tout ensemble of her person, was all that imagination can conceive of beauty decked by the Graces.

Her dress, which was light brown satin, with the finest clear muslin linen, appeared so exactly suited to the delicacy of her person, and the purity of her mind, that

that the whole of her figure seemed in perfect union with the mellifluous sound of her voice: nor could our hero conceal his profound admiration and astonishment, while he viewed the fair the lovely Quaker.

Mr. Burgess, in the mild accent of true christian courtesy, desired he would be seated; and a third cup was ordered.

Whether it was from the peace and harmony that visibly reigned in the habitation of those good people, from the particular gentleness of their manners, or the responsive sympathy of their glances at each other; or whether, (which indeed is most likely) from the involuntary kindness they mutually shewed our hero, the reader will determine; but from whatever cause it proceeded, he was unable to divest himself of a secret something (that conveyed to his idea the two extremes of pain and pleasure,) sufficiently to recollect his errand, until some moments after the breakfast things were removed, and the servants were withdrawn.

A diffidence and constraint, not assuredly originating in Mr. or Mrs. Burgefs, kept him silent; he hesitated, stammered, coloured, turned pale; and, indeed, had not the good quakers been impressed with a degree of the same partiality he felt for them, the manifest confusion he laboured under, must have been to his disadvantage; but he, fortunately, appeared to them with every grace of nature, and those adorned with a modest elegance of manners, which do not often unite in young men at so early a period of life: nor were the first favorable impressions at all lessened by the motives that he at length assigned for his visit; neither did the manly, graceful manner, in which he apologised for the liberty he had taken in waiting on them, decrease their prepossession in his favour; the warmth of his reasons, the fervency of his solicitude, and the poignancy of his regret, on account of Miss Elton's situation, while they alarmed the friends for the fate of a young woman, for whom they entertained

tained sentiments of affection and esteem, also filled them with an inconceivable something towards Henry; a predilection which, whether it arose from some attractive lines on his countenance, or the traits his conduct discovered in his mind, was irresistible. To the wisdom that denies the force of such predilections, I say with Churchil,

“ Whether strict reason bears me out in this,
 “ Let those who, always seeking, always miss
 “ The ways of reason, doubt with special zeal;
 “ Theirs be the praise to argue, mine to feel.”

Thou art a young Mentor, friend, said Mr. Burgess; art thou married?

The negative to this question was ready; it was sincere, and it was truth, accompanied with a glowing blush.

I should rather have expected, with the advantage of thy comely person and good sense, thou wouldest rather have sought to avail thyself of the liberty given to the young woman, by thy friend and partner,
 than

than thus to take measures to abridge her of it.

Confess, said the charming Rebecca; hast thou not some secret motive, some covert reason for thy conduct?

A deeper glow covered the whole face of Henry, his eyes were averted, his seat grew uneasy, and he betrayed every token of embarrassment.

Nay, continued the Quaker, I do not mean to be thine accuser; I should be sorry to know thou hadst any whom it concerned thy credit to conceal: but there may, said she, with a most, facinating smile, be those which may be perfectly innocent, and even laudable, and yet too strong to be resisted in a young mind towards so lovely a young woman as Clara Elton.

If I know myself, replied Henry, sighing; the lady's own honour and happiness is all I have in view; that I am interested in her welfare, that I tremble at her situation, and that the idea of her danger
appalls

appalls me beyond the fear of any thing that can happen to myself, are facts I will not deny, but my solicitude is for *her*. Mr. Franklyn cannot be acquainted with her situation, he knows not the improprieties she is drawn into, nor can he be alarmed at her connections, because I am sure they are unknown to him.

Most assuredly, answered Mr. Burges, I will write to him this post; my friend, setting the young woman's good qualities out of the question, has too much integrity to neglect the interest of an orphan under his care; he will be alarmed at thy intelligence: and, added he, smiling, "Come young man, it is not good to be too much disinterested; to whom shall I say, Clara is indebted for so kind an interference? Thou hast a name, and our pretty friend must know it; at some future time, when she is convinced of the good thou meanest her, she will thank thee."

Henry hesitated, he blushed at the laudable duplicity of his own conduct. How could he impose on people, whose characteristick

teristick is a love of truth, an assumed name? or how, if he revealed his real one, could he avoid Lavinia and her matrimonial claims? Besides, the warnings of a stranger would certainly have more weight, both with Mr. Franklyn and Clara, than any thing that came under the sanction of prudence from a young man, whose *juvenile* days had been marked by *indiscretions*; and Clara might privately doubt, since "interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of disinterestedness itself," some latent hope of self-gratification might be his motive; and in that case he should not only suffer in his pride of heart, but what was of still more consequence, his interference might on that account lose its desired effect.

His silence was a confirmation to Mr. Burgefs and his amiable wife, of the suspicions they had entertained, that his concern for Clara was too full of anxiety to be free from affection. Their curiosity was raised at the mystery, under which he appeared to wish to conceal himself and his motives,

motives; but those suspicions were unallayed by a single doubt of his honour or veracity.

After a long silence, which was not broken on the part of the Quakers, Henry begged Mr. Burgess would take the trouble to inform himself of Miss Elton's connection and situation; and if, Sir, said he, your information and opinion coincide with the sentiments I have taken the liberty of imparting, you will have the pleasure of rescuing one of the loveliest of women from dangers innumerable. Condescend, Sir, to be her good genius yourself; neither Miss Elton, nor her friends are acquainted with my name; nor is it necessary they should have the trouble of developing the obscurity of my character. His fine eyes (now filled with the humid sensibility which the subject called forth) were averted; the eager and scrutinizing looks of his auditors were earnestly fixed on him, and the conscious secret which he chose not to disclose caused an embarrassment

ment which he could not immediately get over.

Still the Burgeffes were silent, and he, in a faltering accent, continued saying, That he should be happy, he should rejoice to know he had been the humble means of procuring for the charming maid, an active, friend in so respectable a man; and taking, with a freedom which was entirely devoid of presumption, the hand of Mrs. Burgeffs, Do, Madam, said he, with an engaging earnestness, do let me prevail on you, if after enquiry you find your sentiments correspond with mine, if Miss Elton wants a protectress----- He did not proceed.

Thou art an irresistible pleader, replied Mrs. Burgeffs; but how can Clara Elton want a protectress, when we know our friend Franklyn hath offered to take her with him? And who can doubt the prudence of Mary Franklyn? If the maiden is not wedded to her indiscretions, a reformation is in her power, far more consistent with her own ease than it could be with me. Thou see'st our habitation, we are content
with

with peace, and conscience void of offence; what sorrows, as inhabitants of the world, we are subject to, we bear without having recourse to the various sources of amusement and dissipation which people of a different persuasion, although perhaps equally pure in their principles, esteem essential to their existence. Thinkest thou, Clara Elton could adopt our simple forms? And if she could not, far less could we countenance an innovation on our regular peaceful way of living: nevertheless, we will do our utmost to second thy honest intentions; we will offer our advice, not only to our friends at Ether but to the maiden herself, and I think neither will reject it.

The serious tone in which Mrs. Burgess concluded her speech was definitive; Henry had conceived hopes, from her sanguine expression of regard, that she would have offered her maternal protection to Miss Elton, not recollecting that his contemptible opinion of Miss Franklyn, arose from what *he knew* of her disposition, not from what the world *thought* of it; her wisdom
set

set her, it was believed, above the common errors of human nature; who then so proper to restrain the thoughtless impetuosity of youth? Mrs. Burgeffes's hint recalled to his mind the impossibility of the hasty hope he had indulged. With him the next thing to feeling his error, was to acknowledge it, which when done, he begged, that as far as concerned *him*, the whole matter might be concealed from the Franklyns; then rising to take his leave, Mr. Burgeffs having received a responsive glance from his wife, between himself and whom there existed but one soul:

I will keep thy counsel, friend, said he, but I do not like so soon to lose thy acquaintance; thou art a great deceiver if thou hast not an honest ingenuous heart; I would thou wert more explicit that we might know thee more, I will not say better, because I do not admit that to be possible: what dost thou fear? Is thy secret impenetrable?---Henry bowed. Well, then, said he, I will press no further into thine affairs; whatever may be thy motive for

con-

concealing them, I like the turn of thy countenance, and invite thee to a friendly meal whenever thy avocations will give an opportunity, and thy inclination impels thee to give pleasure.

This plain unvarnished invitation was rendered the more acceptable by the coinciding look, and the eloquent smile of the amiable Rebecca.

Our hero's heart being now filled with more than gratitude, more than mere liking, the liberal and unfolicited offers of friendship from a man of such established credit, in whose power it was to recommend him to a situation, in which, by the assistance of his education and abilities, he might obtain an independant livelihood, it will be granted that his objections to renew his connections with his Ether friends must have been invincible. What, thought he, shall I again bring a beggar to the knowledge of Miss Franklyn? Shall I be again insulted, because I will not prostitute my heart to her ostentatious charity? Or shall I, by renewing
the

the disputes between my good benefactor and his sister, rob him of his peace? No. His heart swelled at the thought, and he flattered himself a spirit of pride, and a sensation of gratitude, were the only stimulæ to a resolution which the kindness of Mr. Burgess could not vanquish. But strong as were those motives for a rejection of the Quaker's friendship, there were yet stronger ones that lay in a latent corner of his heart, and though hardly known to himself, influenced all his actions; which, as a faithful historian, I must acknowledge on every occasion, though perhaps it may not be deemed so in the opinion of some of my readers, was to our hero's advantage.

You are not, said Mr. Franklyn, when he gave his reluctant consent to the union of Henry and Lavinia, to marry till you are of age, neither are you to break an engagement I suffer you to make.

Dellmore was now just turned of his 21st year of Mr. Franklyn's readoption; he entertained no doubt, however hostile Miss Franklyn might still be to his interest, but her

her father's favour would be attended with a wife, as well as an establishment in the world, could he expect either that Lavinia would forego her claim, or Mr. Franklyn neglect to support it; however desirable therefore, in his present circumstances, independence might be, that sacrifice would be too great to attain it by.

Love and Miss Orthodox, that is, the sort of love he bore Clara Elton, never filled his heart together. Those who do not understand my distinction in this matter, may perhaps quarrel with me for making it, but I have very good authority for saying,

“ There is but one sort of love, but there are a thousand different copies of it.”

The sensation Henry had felt for Lavinia, could hardly be called a copy, it was a mere daub; and he became every day more averse to a contract, which was begun in folly, and closed in regret. His ardent love for one woman, possibly raised his disgust for the other; and the result was, a resolution to conceal himself, in
hopes

hopes some change might take place in his favour.

He, however, complied with the joint invitation of the quakers, to spend the day at Clapham; and it was with reluctance, on both sides, that they parted at seven o'clock, when the stage stopped, by Mr. Burgefs's order, to convey him to town. The amiable pair would not suffer him to depart until he had promised to repeat his visit.

Often, very often, said Mrs. Burgefs, with uncommon earnestness, as she returned from the gate, whither both her husband and herself accompanied him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sweet Passion of Love, a-la-Mode de Londre.

MR. Dellmore found in the coach, two male passengers; one of them, a fat elderly man, in a grizzle bob, plain brown cloaths, a gold-headed cane, and square-toed shoes. In the course of a few seconds, he informed our hero, that riding in the stage was his *choice*, as he kept his *own carriage*, and his wife and daughters were gone on in it; but, some-how or other, he liked a little variety; and moreover, to hear all that was to be heard about Ould England; and sometimes, a body mout pick up som'at in a stage, whereof, in a body's own coach there was nothing but women's prate; and so, young gentleman, continued the *great man*, clapping him on the knee, what is your opinion of the young minister? my friend Gab here and I don't agree; he is for ould Boreas.

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I am

I am not a competent judge of either, returned Henry.

Why, really Mr. Skate, cried Mr. Gab, I am one of those sort of men who think well of an old friend, after he has lost the power of serving me. As to Lord North's abilities as a minister, my opinion is, the outs and ins are the whole of the odds. Why, to be sure, answered the fat orator, as you say, the loaves and fishes go a great way; but a man without pride, a man that---did I ever tell you of his dining with our company?

Yes, yes, returned Mr. Gab hastily, as if fearing a repetition.

Ay, *there, there* was your magnanimous doings, cried Skate exultingly, *there* was all our livery servants in waiting; and, there was *I*, and *he*, and the rest on us; egad! we were as merry as grigs. Why now, young gentleman, you are a young man, as a body may say; no offence, I hope, but you may never, in your whole life, converse with a minister; no offence, I hope.

None in the least, said Henry smiling,

I hope

I hope not, I am sure I mean none. But, as I was saying, about ministers, and them sort of people: now, I suppose, if a prime minister was to send you a card, just now, Mr. A. or B. or C. or so on; for we mention no names. Well then, Mr. A. as I said before, B. or C. or D. or you may carry it down to P. if you will. I mention no names. Well, the card brings (by one of his own servants) compliments to Mr. Skate, that's me, desires the honour of his company, on business of importance. Well, away I goes. Now this was before the dinner affair; I had never seen him before in my born days. Neighbour Gab, why you are asleep. Come, you never heard this story.

What, not about laying a duty on sprats, and stamping Dutch herrings? Why, where the devil---however, I'll tell the young gentleman; no harm in that. Well, away I goes, and egad, I gives a double rap, just as I do at home, as bould as brass, and who should come to the door, but the very servant that brought the card; so I

says, says I.-----Just in that moment, to our no small mortification, the stage stopped at a gentleman's house on the road, where Mr. Skate's wife and daughters were, and a servant begged he would alight. Before he had time to utter the positive negative that he was disposed to put on the request, the lady of the house, with some female visitors, advanced towards the road, and being seconded by Mrs. and the Miss Skates, the good man was overpowered; he however, shook our hero heartily by the hand, and swore he was d---d sorry he could not tell the whole story, because it mout be of service to him; but, however, if he would call in Thames-street, at Bob Skate's, fishmonger, any morning before 'Change time, why he should hear it all.

Henry thanked Mr. Skate, and the coach again drove off.

Mr. Gab, the other passenger, was a well-looking man, about forty; he was conversible, good-humoured, and easy in his address. Mr. Skate became the immediate subject of his discourse. Although his
remarks

remarks were consistent with his character, he lamented his neighbour's folly. The minister, he said, finding he was a judge of a particular branch of the revenue, which he certainly was, had thought proper to consult him on some trifle, and to receive information on others, a distinction poor Skate was unequal to; he was unable to converse with a single being in his own sphere of life; he was the compassion of his friends, and the jest of his enemies. From Mr. Skate, our hero and his fellow traveller passed to subjects more universally known; politics had never yet excited Dellmore's attention; but had he been an adept in that science, if it may be so called, Mr. Gab was not, nor would he ever, if he could decline it, converse of national matters; they were, however, at no loss, and Henry's natural vivacity and good sense rendering him an entertaining companion, Mr. Gab very politely desired to be honoured by his further acquaintance, and at parting, gave him his card, with an invitation to dinner next day.

On his arrival at the Golden-cross, he found Montgomery was returned, and gone to rest; an example he was preparing to follow, when Mr. Peter Martin made his appearance. In the time since our hero had parted with that gentleman, he had gone over, in his mental view, every part of his conduct since their accidental meeting; and having joined conjectures to facts, had set him down as a contemptible character, with whom it was no credit to be acquainted; yet his natural politeness would not suffer him to be rude: cool he certainly was, but that was a sort of rebuff Mr. Peter Martin had been used to; he regarded it not, but sitting down, and partaking, uninvited, of the bread and cheese, an oyster, and some ale, on which Dellmore was making his supper, he entered into familiar chat, repeating a thousand common anecdotes, which he swore he had been eye and ear-witness to, and which our hero could not contradict, having never heard them before. In the midst of an entertaining piece of scandal, without mentioning names, he espied the

the card with Mr. Gab's address, which Henry had just taken out of his pocket.

Good God! cried he, in a transport of joy, do you know Mr. Gab? Are you acquainted with his family? If you are, and can introduce me to them, upon my soul you will do me the greatest favour in the world.

Are they so hard of access then? asked Henry, smiling at his eagerness.

Ah, God! replied Mr. Peter Martin, why Miss Gab will be one of the greatest fortunes in the city, but perhaps you have designs on her yourself.

Dellmore assured him he indeed had not. Well then, by all that's beautiful, answered Martin, if you will contrive to introduce me, as your friend and acquaintance, that I may have an opportunity of saying a few civil things to the girl, I will bind myself to pay you a thousand pounds on the day I marry her.

Dellmore's eyes struck fire; it was difficult to say whether his rage or astonishment

was predominant; what, bribe *him* to an act of infamy! imagine *him* capable of contributing to the mercenary designs of a coxcomb on a young woman of fortune! make *him* the tool of a fortune hunter! that was too bad. He arose hastily, and the poor beau, who judging by his own principles, had brought matters to a certainty, and already laid out in his mind's eye a great part of Miss Gab's fortune, perceiving the gathering storm his looks portended, made a precipitate retreat, and escaped the chastisement due to his folly and impudence; as Dellmore intended to pay him in a coin to which he had a natural aversion, namely a good kicking, although he had more than once been obliged to submit to it.

When again alone, and recovered from the rage into which the sanguine views of Mr. Peter Martin had thrown him, he revolved his situation, and the occurrences of the day. Fortune had made him acquainted with a person who, by Martin's account, had equal power with the good quaker to serve him, without any risk of betraying him

him to those from whom he wished to be concealed; his situation was desperate; destitute of both money and friends, it was absolutely necessary he should shake off all diffidence; it was not for a man who had but a few shillings between him and starving, to pay extreme homage to delicacy, or indulge a pride which, though perhaps, laudable in prosperity, was contemptible in adversity; he therefore resolved to wait on Mr. Gab early the next day, and solicit his interest to procure him employment: then ordering his bill to be brought in with the breakfast next morning, he retired to bed.

At nine the next day Mr. Montgomery made his appearance, but so altered, that Dellmore could scarcely credit his eye-sight, and it was some moments before he could believe that the figure before him was the same who parted from him in such high spirits two nights before.

His face was swelled, and, like Joseph's coat, of many colours; one eye was entirely lost to the view, the other bore sable marks of violence; his nose was flattened in proportion.

portion as his other features had expanded; his thumbs were bound round with black ribband, and his whole figure hung out signals of distress.

He opened his mouth with execrations on the playhouses, the w----s, and the puppy that carried him there; and blending curses with his narrative, informed his companion of his night's adventure.

The lady whose attractions he had found so irresistible, had been also so charmed with him, that she had found it impossible to separate, without retaining some reliques in memory of so dear a connexion; she had therefore, in pure kindness, taken off his hands the care of his purse, containing twenty-nine guineas, and his watch; and willing perhaps to spare him the pangs of parting, left him in the sweet delirium that succeeds the transports of love *in a bagnio*. In other words, having first wheedled him from glass to glass, till he was in a state of intoxication, she picked his pocket of every thing valuable, and watching an opportunity

opportunity to elude the observation of the people of the house, left him pennylefs behind her.

Towards noon, when the fumes of the liquor had evaporated, he awoke and miffed his divinity; his grief at her abfence was not of the heart-rending kind; he would have taken comfort on her lofs, but his empty pockets diftracted him.

He rung the bell like a madman, and fummoned the mafter of the houfe, who heard his ftory like a philofopher, and retired with a low bow, and expreffions of extreme forrow for his misfortune.

And is that all, quoth the enraged Montgomery, ringing again with great violence. One waiter did not chufe to face him, half a dozen appeared.

I have loft my watch and money, fcoundrels, how did you dare to fuffer it?

Sir, replied one of them, I know the girl very well, it will be eafy to trace her; I am ready to attend you to a magiftrate, we fhall foon have madam in irons.

And so, replied Montgomery, have my name on record for a fool; no, rascals, but I will break your bones for suffering the jilt to escape. It was with the sailor, as the old adage has it, but a word and a blow, and the blow came first; the fellows baulked murder, and ran off; Montgomery preserved a dead silence with his tongue, but while he followed them, his oaken towel was by no means idle; a constable was summoned, the bill presented, and the whole force of the house mustered. The invincible hero atchieved incredible deeds of valour; fighting his way through the whole posse, reinforced as they were by civil authority, and leaving the bill unpaid, he reached his lodging in the condition I have described, where, having swallowed a glass of brandy, he went to bed.

He recited this adventure to Dellmore with all the bitterness of regret and self-condemnation. A similarity of circumstances now rendered Henry more open; he condoled with Montgomery on his misfortune, and very candidly related his
own,

own, excepting only that part from whence they originated; there was something so humiliating to a noble mind, in the fraud of Mrs. Dellmore, and the natural conjectures of the meanness of those parents, who would part with their offspring to favour such a base imposition, that he could not prevail on himself to be the herald of his own disgrace; he therefore gave every merit to Mr. Franklyn for his protection, but only called himself an orphan, without hinting at the event that had made him so. He concluded by offering to share his few shillings with his comrade in affliction, and discharged the whole of the bill immediately.

Mr. Montgomery, in his turn, gave the following account of himself:

His father, the Hon. Augustus Montgomery, was the fifth and youngest son of a large family of an Irish peer, of ancient descent, with haughty spirits, nice honour, and small estate; he married very young to an indigent relation of the family, against the consent of the old lord,

whence

who, though he did not make his disobedience a pretext for deserting him, never considered any part of his numerous family as having claims either on his care or love.

His father's very narrow income, which was at the time of his death but a colonel's half-pay, put it out of his power to make any provision for his family. Mrs. Montgomery died in childbed of this her youngest son, nor did the colonel long survive her; he died leaving five sons and one daughter.

The elder son was at his father's death in Paris, whence he returned express, to take on him the paternal care of the family. The second and third he placed at a cheap school, and the others at the house of the woman who had wet-nursed him; the sister he took with him to France, where she very soon married an English gentleman, who was heir to a very good estate.

This event was of general advantage to the family; the boys were continued at school at their sister's expence, till three of them died of the small-pox in one year.

There

There was then left only the elder brother and himself, who experienced the utmost happiness a wealthy sister could bestow.

His genius leading him to a nautical life, he was by his sister's recommendation sent to India, on board a King's ship, in the capacity of midshipman.

During the voyage out he was unfortunately wrecked on an uncivilized island, where after enduring numberless hardships for five years, he at last got to the Cape, whence he soon procured a passage to England. But born to be the sport of fate, he found his own country more savage than the island he had escaped from. His sister had become a widow, and abandoned her country. With great difficulty and many hardships he reached Ireland, where he learned that his brother was dead, having early in life privately united himself to a menial servant of his father's, who, with her two children, had traced him to England, where she had proved her marriage, and whence her husband accompanied her
to

to Ireland only *to die*. The noble family to which they were so nearly allied would not deign to acknowledge a poor sailor, and, but for the charity of his father's eldest sister, he must have starved.

This lady, who was married to a nobleman of large estates in England, sent him out under the command of a man, who, besides an inexhaustible fund of small talk, and a pleasing address, had no one great or good quality, and who was the person alluded to by the honest tars.

The inactive and inglorious conduct adopted by this commander was irksome and disgraceful to his people; they murmured, they remonstrated, but in vain; Captain Essence was superior to a sense of shame; he was a man of family and fortune, and would often, at sight of shattered limbs, and loss of life, say with Falstaff, *There lies honour*: but it was for mere adventurers to risk their lives in battle, *he* had much to lose, and little to gain, in the contest of nations; his acres were safe, and while they continued so, what was his country to him?

Prudent

Prudent as those sentiments were, it was politic to gloss them over, and he effectually contrived to do it, by being either too soon or too late for every battle in that part of the world where he was stationed; not for a galloon would Captain Essence venture to sea without absolute orders, or, when under sail, alter his course; he was not ambitious enough to “seek the bubble reputation in a cannon’s mouth.”

What a situation was *his* ship for young men whose bosoms beat high in the expectation and hope of partaking of the laurels and riches that every one in the fleet but theirs shared in great abundance. Every youth who had or could raise a friend, got himself exchanged; loss of rank was nothing to loss of honour: but poor Montgomery had no friends, he was therefore obliged to continue with Captain Essence, who not being able to keep a warrant officer that could get removed, to serve himself, made him acting lieutenant; in this station his personal intercourse with the captain gave him such an insight into his dastardly disposition,

position, that it was impossible for so sincere, so open hearted a youth, to conceal his contempt. The captain saw and felt the despicable light in which he was held, and fearing, while his corps were receiving the reward of their bravery, his name might be missed in the glorious list of those who had bled for their country, he got invalided, and took his passage home in a merchant ship.

A man of honour succeeded to the command, and young Montgomery was his first favourite. Elated with the notice of his captain, he wrote to his noble relations in England, entreating their recommendation to the Commander in Chief on the station, and begging them to use their interest at home to get him confirmed.

But though Captain Essence was remarkably peaceable in his disposition, where a possibility of retort remained, it was no reason why, when he returned to England, he should not acquaint Montgomery's noble friends what a very worthless ungrateful young man he was; and they, instead
of

of giving him the solicited recommendation, remitted to India the traits his captain had given of his character, and possibly glad so cheaply to get rid of a tax on their quality, very civilly begged leave to decline meddling in his affairs. To mend the matter, continued he, the same packet brought news of the peace, and we were ordered home, and paid off; the rest you know, and after all my complaints of hard fortune, you see my own folly has foundered me at last.

This, said Henry, must be my mental brother.

Not, I hope, absolutely foundered; we must see what we can do for ourselves, since we have so little expectation from the world. They then entered into a minute investigation of their circumstances, and found Dellmore's stock amounted to eleven shillings and seven pence three farthings, and the lieutenant's to the exact sum of four pence halfpenny; with this capital they entered into partnership. Montgomery sallied out in quest of cheap lodgings, and our hero to wait on Mr. Gab, whose
town

town residence was on Dowgate Hill. As this gentleman will cut a very considerable figure in some part of our history, I beg to have the honour of introducing him to my readers, previous to the visit on which Dellmore's hopes so much depended.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Quality Binding.

MR. GAB was, I have said, about the middle age, rather a handsome figure, and tolerably good natured; he had began the career of his life in the station of a shopman to the third cousin of a gentleman's secretary's mistress, who testified her regard for her relation by procuring him a contract with government. His master soon grew immoderately rich, and being a bachelor, he retired to enjoy his wealth, leaving Mr. Gab in the business, with a share of the profits, to encourage his industry.

He

He was soon fortunate enough to follow the steps of his predecessor, and before the war closed, which ended the contract, he had realized a plum, and was yet in an extensive and prosperous line of trade. To share this good fortune he had a wife; to inherit it, a son and a daughter. Mrs. Gab had lived in the capacity of cook, in the house where her husband's wealth was acquired; she was about his own age, but otherwise his reverse in every thing; she was extremely plain in her person and disgusting in her manners; by her long standing over the fire, and perhaps a little dram drinking, her face was in a constant flame; she had formerly valued herself on being a very cleanly servant, that is to say, while her own person might be traced by the scent of the kitchen stuff, wherever she chose to exhibit it, she placed her supreme delight in the polish of her saucepans and pot-lids; it was indeed always Mrs. Gab's ambition to *shine*; she had by perpetual scouring, acquired a gait in her walk that exactly resembled her usual motion at the
kitchen

kitchen sink, it was something between a stride and a waddle that surpassed description.

Her tongue was the symbol of the perpetual motion, her voice loud and discordant, and though she had been at this period sixteen years a gentlewoman, her hands and arms remained, in despite of Warren's chicken gloves, Madam Figou's skill, and every cosmetic that had been advertised during the above period, remarkably hard, coarse, and red.

But to counterpoise those disadvantages, she was one of the most dressy women in the city, and so tenacious of the character she assumed, in contradiction to nature, that she was never known to let a syllable drop which would revive disagreeable ideas; she resolved to sink her origin, and occupation, in the extreme splendor of her present situation, being so perfectly genteel at all points, that even her servants must appear superior to their station. Every thing she herself did was the act of a *gentlewoman*; every thing she disliked in others

others owed its source to its being unlike a *gentlewoman*.

Mrs. Gab was moreover particularly nice on the score of character, for Mr. Gab having, at the command of his then master, espoused Mary the cook, precisely eleven days before Mr. Gab, jun. made his entrée into this troublesome world, his mamma felt an inveterate hatred, a virtuous indignation, against all those whose reputations were less fortunately preserved; and her penetration at discovering supposed blemishes, where absolute ones were wanting, was truly amazing.

Her good man himself did not escape either her suspicions or her lectures; the good man was perfectly indifferent to both, he got money faster than he well knew what to do with it, and Mrs. Gab's sole ambition was to out-show and out-dress her neighbours; in consequence of which, although he suffered his lady to say what she pleased, her liberty of speech had no effect on his private conduct; the lady lived to please herself, and her husband assumed

assumed the same privilege. They had a country house, a few miles out of town, which *he* seldom visited, but where Mrs. Gab condescended to exhibit her finery from Friday to Tuesday; I do not reckon Sunday; to dress for church is not the genteel thing; Mrs. Gab never did; she always chose to worship her Maker in a riding habit; it gratified Mrs. Gab's pride to be the gaping stock of the multitude, and in the country she entertained the rest of the inhabitants with the extraordinary splendor of her town life, where contending peereffes solicited her acquaintance; and frequently hinted at her extraordinary humility, in associating with them.---*Such was Mrs. Gab.*

Her son, who was his mamma's darling, being by no means to inherit any thing from his father but his money, had been a pupil of Mr. Locke; the young man was somewhat addicted to a few qualites, not absolutely incumbent on a military character; he had been frequently sent to Coventry for saying the thing that was not, had

had been caned for his impertinence, kicked for his cowardice, and was finally expelled the academy. But those were trifles, mere bagatelles, objections that money easily surmounted; and he was at this period, a Cornet in the Guards.

Captain Gab, as he was called eastward of Temple-bar, seldom visited Dowgate Hill, except it was to touch, as he termed it, his mother's purse; but as he kept a girl, an Italian opera dancer, who had been used to live in style, and as the dear creature had refused many magnificent offers for her sweet little Gab, it was not in nature to refuse her any thing, and consequently Mr. Gab often visited his mamma, and entertained her with all the court histories.

Miss Sophia Gab was a little delicate brunette, who shall introduce herself; all we will at present say of her is, she was no favourite with her mother, and had been brought up with a maiden lady, sister to her father's old master, who lived near Plymouth, and who inherited her brother's

riches; these she many years intended Sophia should receive from her, and which would probably have been the case, had not the lady's ill health and low spirits rendered strong cordials necessary; which ultimately under the advice of a Caledonian officer in the marines, and while under the influence of her medicines, induced her to take to herself a helpmate; when Mr. Gab, in great wrath, fetched his daughter home, where she had arrived about three months when Henry's acquaintance with the family commenced.

It was near two o'clock when our hero reached Dowgate Hill. On asking for Mr. Gab he was shewn into the counting-house, Mrs. Gab being much too fashionable, in all her manœuvres, for any of her domestics to suppose that a visitor to her would appear at that hour.

Mr. Gab was here a man of business, seven or eight clerks, as well as their principal, were fully employed, and the busy countenances of the whole groupe gave Henry fresh spirits, his hopes were raised, and his countenance exhilarated. Mr. Gab

gave

gave him a friendly nod and pointed to a stool, without speaking a word; at two o'clock he hastily arose, and, shaking him heartily by the hand, apologized for leaving him, as he could not dispense with his 'Change engagements; but, said he, though it is rather an early hour, I'll try what I can do for you above stairs; and then led the way into the drawing-room, where they found Miss Gab with her pencils and portfolio before her.

Sophy, said Mr. Gab, here is a visitor, your mother I suppose is not out of her perfume box, take care of him till dinner time. Miss Gab had a beautiful simplicity in her manners, which some people called the mauvaise honte, but it was unattended by the least degree of awkwardness; the crimson blood mantled in her cheek almost as often as she opened her lips before strangers, and her eyes involuntarily retreated from their gaze; but the fund of good humour and sense she possessed, banished restraint from her conversation; her wit was unobtrusive, and her manners delicate, and

though bred in retirement she had a just confidence in herself.

Henry found her amiable and unassuming; he paid her compliments on her drawings, more acceptable to her because free from the adulation to which, in her mother's circle, she had been used. Indeed it was, since she had been at home, an unusual thing to Miss Gab to be treated as a rational creature; her mother chose to consider her as a being of an inferior order to her brother, and the fortune which it was known Mr. Gab would give her, was in the contrary extreme as disagreeable, as it elevated her above what she conceived a human being is entitled to. She now saw herself addressed in the happy medium; Mr. Dellmore's assiduities were the voluntary sacrifices to modest merit; she appeared to him a most engaging woman, and he had no interest in persuading her she was more; in short, the two hours before dinner passed without either of the young folks complaining of *time*.

At

At four o'clock Mr. Gab entered the drawing-room, and he was soon followed by his lady, sinking under a weight of finery, and glittering with diamonds.

Mr. Gab introduced Henry to her as a Mr. Conway, a particular friend of Mr. Burges's, and he was received with very flattering marks of distinction on that account. But however pleasing such a reception might be, it was attended by reflections altogether disagreeable; the kindness of the good Quakers in seeing him into the coach, might well warrant the idea that they were his particular friends; it had a still further effect, as it established his worth in the idea of Mr. Gab, who could not suspect the rich quakers would shew such respect to a mere adventurer.

This circumstance, in addition to his natural diffidence, was an insuperable bar to his intended application. How could he, who was introduced to a woman, whose pride was as visible as her manners were disgusting, presume to confess he owed that honour to a mistake; or

ask employ from a man whose regard for him was founded on mere accident? He felt it was not to be done, and therefore giving up the flattering hope, he accommodated himself to the follies of the day, well assured it would be difficult to obtain the ear of a man, to his humble application for bread, who considered him as an object of respect.

Those unpleasant reflexions however did not prevent his proper attention to the ladies, nor render him insensible to the sweetness of Miss Sophia; it was indeed impossible to know that amiable creature, and not feel a partiality for her. Mrs. Gab, though she thought less of her lovely child than any other person, confessed the girl had a good face, and designed her to grace a title; but Sophia's little heart had already received a guest destitute of wealth or grandeur, and the fear of the consequence of her mother's inordinate pride, rendered this a very consequential secret to her; but the hopeless passion, for hopeless it certainly was, that filled her gentle bosom, gave

an agreeable softness and languor to her features, that seemed to ask pity and claim protection. Every moment added to the esteem our hero felt for her; nothing could be more to her advantage than the contrast between her and her mother, whose narrow contracted soul all her finery could not hide, while the generosity and beneficence of the daughter beamed on her expressive features, and shone in her large black eyes. How often, during the time of dinner, did the coarse ignorance of the mother, though delivered in a softened voice and affected lisp, raise a blush on the cheeks of the accomplished daughter; she fearfully watched every motion of her lips, and trembled when they opened, in terror lest a fresh absurdity should add to the folly of her character, while the ignorant parent, equally void of fear or modesty, bolted out folly by wholesale.

Come, Soph, said she, as they quitted the dining-parlour, you shall play Mr. Conway a toone on your arpsichore. Mr.

Conway, when you have drank your wine, you shall hear Miss Gab play her music.

Oh, cried Mr. Gab, who doated on his daughter, we will order the glasses into the music-room, I will hear my girl too, and I must be off at seven.

Miss Gab was seated at her arpsichore, as her mother called it, and was turning over the leaves of her music book.

Play Boxes round O, cried Mrs. Gab; then turning to Henry, do you love music, Sir?

He bowed, and gave proof that he did in the attention he was disposed to pay to the sweet fingers of the young lady. But to command music from her daughter, and to listen to it herself, were two very different things with Mrs. Gab; while Sophia was in a masterly manner charming the senses, it was her part to call them to subjects in which harmony never dwelt.

Do you like the hoprer, Sir? O dear, I am a waft lover of hoprers, and really there, if one is squeegeed a little, one is sure it is by gentlewomen; now at the play
there

there is no respect of parsons, besides nobody dresses there; good cloaths, viewing herself, is lost at the play-house. Soph likes the play best, but lord, as I say, that is quite in the low style, a gentlewoman should never mix with the canel. Now I never keeps none but the best of company, nor goes no where but among people of fashion, do you, Sir? — Dellmore was not proof against this question; the court Mrs. Gab paid him would, he plainly saw, be changed into contempt the instant she found in him a person so destitute of the principal claims to gentility; his face was too near a kin to his heart, the least emotion in one forced the blood into the other, and it was not without great difficulty that he contrived to conceal his confusion, under an affected attention to the music.

Exactly at seven Mr. Gab took his hat and cane, and after giving our hero a general and pressing invitation to his house, he apologized for leaving him, with the *new* observation that business must be minded, or lost.

Truly, cried Mrs. Gab, bridling, I believe the business that carries you out in an evening had better be lost than minded. Whether Mr. Gab heard this sagacious remark of his lady's or not is uncertain, as it did not impede his hasty step out of the room.

Mrs. Gab was too fine a lady to consider propriety; the tea equipage was scarcely removed when her carriage was announced; and her plentiful purse having gained her admittance into some titled houses, at the west end of the town, it was her custom, when dressed for those grand visits, to take the round of her female city friends, in order to dazzle them with her finery. In pursuit therefore of her first wish, away fluttered Mrs. Gab, leaving, without the slightest idea of danger or imprudence, her lovely young daughter to entertain one of the finest young men in the world, whose frequent offers to depart had been over-ruled by her positive injunctions on him to stay and hear Soph play music,

But

But though Henry was no stoic, he was a very safe companion for a young woman of an uncorrupted heart; and Miss Gab was not only guarded by the innocence and purity of her disposition, but she was shielded from every attack on her passions by a secret attachment to a youth who was the more dear to her because he was unfortunate, so that the tête à tête, to which the thoughtless mother had left them, was void of danger on either side. Our hero supped with his beautiful new acquaintance, and they parted at eleven with regret, but without an idea that invaded the sacred claim of Miss Elton on his heart.

Mrs. Gab was not without her secret uneasiness, although gratified in every thing money could purchase; the hint she had dropped on Mr. Gab's leaving her to *attend to business*, was not one merely applicable to his then engagement; it pointed at his general conduct.

Mr. Gab had appointments as well as his lady, he seldom passed his evenings at home; it was not indeed within the last two

months by any means certain *where* he did pass them, which circumstance considered, it is no wonder that the sweetness of Mrs. Gab's temper should be disturbed, particularly when it is known that he actually had been found out, once or twice, in preferring the society of a light-hearted female to the croud which on his lady's night filled his house, or to indulging his meditations in his own empty drawing-room; but although Mrs. Gab was too certain of this her husband's foible, the rage for visiting, and grand acquaintance, was too potent to give way to a jealousy of her husband's affections, or a desire to regain them by any effort of hers.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Brother and Sister.

AT the place of rendezvous, Dellmore found Montgomery in waiting, who informed him he had taken a couple of rooms, on the second floor of a small house, in Orange Court, Leicester Fields, at five shillings per week; to those lodgings they then adjourned.

Now, said Montgomery, we must, as we sailors say, keep a good look out, and weather this storm of adversity as well as we can; I have raised a present supply by disposing of many things that, if I do not get my commission confirmed, will be but lumber to me, and if I do, why I can have credit with an agent to buy more. Here is my stock, taking out of his pocket six guineas; we will have but one purse, and who knows what may turn out. Here you see these plated buckles cut as great a
dash

dash as if they were solid silver; I dare say that that puppy Martin never had a better pair in his life.

Henry, who had anticipated the want of his last shilling, was in raptures at the thought which this exchange of his friend inspired; starvation no longer looked him in the face; he had himself a handsome pair of silver shoe buckles, and gold knee and stock buckles, he had also a very good gold watch, chain and seals; it had never before occurred to him that those were a fund of riches; the certainty of support, for some time at least, was a matter that exhilarated his spirits, and he and his friend took possession of their new lodging in great good humour.

Montgomery was a social fellow, and dearly loved to unbend over a can of grog before he went to bed; he had laid in a gallon of good rum, and made an acquaintance with his landlord, who having been at sea, though only in a privateer, had some comparative merit,

Mr,

Mr. M'Dougal was a man of integrity, he was a forte o' person ye maight confide in; aw troth, an he cud do mony base things, he need na want a freand, but his melfortan was to be twa honest.

Ay, ay, landlord, cried Montgomery, it is a damn'd dirty world, and we honest fellows shall never thrive in it till we are as dirty as our neighbours.

Troth, Sar, I can vouch for Donald M'Dougal, that it will neer be hes case, an if I ken areeght, Sar, ye ar the same forte o' thinking.

This poor fellow has been unfortunate, thought Henry; he talks well.

Come, hang care, landlord, quoth the sailor, the worse luck now the better another time, put about the grog.

Mr. Donald M'Dougal did as he was desired in that respect, and more than he was suspected of in others; so very honest and unfortunate a man, was a being neither Montgomery nor Dellmore could suspect of art. At half past twelve they parted the best friends on earth, Montgomery
having

having entertained him with many of the incidents of his life, not by any means forgetting the unfortunate one at the bagnio.

Henry's rest, having the aforesaid valuables in petto, not being now broken by the apprehension of what to-morrow might bring forth, he rose in the morning refreshed, and happy in his present, though not void of care about his future, situation.

The want of opportunity to urge the request he had intended to make to Mr. Gab, as well as the awkward predicament in which he now stood, having been introduced into the family, though perfectly undesigned on his part, as a person of consequence, discouraged him so much, that he was determined to give up the hopes he had entertained from that quarter; and though the gentle Sophia was a most agreeable girl, yet having no particular penchant for her, to endure the pride and vulgarity of the mother was paying too great a price for the friendly converse of the daughter. Before Montgomery entered the apartment he had therefore written a card of thanks to

Mr.

Mr. Gab for his polite invitation, and declined the honour of waiting on him that day, as Mrs. and Miss Gab had pressed him to do; the note lay ready sealed and directed on the table, and Montgomery happening to see the superscription, he started, and changed colour.

How is this, cried he, in amazement; *Mr. Gab!* Do you know the Gabs?

Faith, very little, answered Henry, and recounted the adventure that introduced him to them. He was proceeding in a ludicrous description of Mrs. Gab, but was hastily interrupted by Montgomery; perhaps, said he, affecting a careless air, you like the girl?

As a pretty little engaging creature I certainly do answered he; but if you mean a particular liking or love for her, I assure you I do not.

Why then, replied Montgomery, *I do*. Aye, you may well look amazed, to hear such a poor devil as me talk of liking so charming a creature who has such a fortune; but hang her fortune, it is my bane.

Henry

Henry demanded an explanation; he knew nothing of Sophia's residence in Devonshire, and as he understood this was the first time the lieutenant had visited the metropolis, he could not conceive when or where his violent passion could have commenced.

At the time Montgomery returned to England after his shipwreck, he was landed in a very deplorable situation at Plymouth; his adventures were soon spread in the town, and a tradesman, who was that year Mayor, having a son on board the ship in which he arrived, was by him so prejudiced on behalf of the unfortunate youth, that he raised a subscription to cloathe and supply him with money to carry him to his friends; and not merely contented with an act of charity only, he added to it one of kindness; he invited him to his house, where he had an opportunity of seeing Miss Sophia Gab, who with Mrs. Johnson, the maiden lady with whom she resided, was on a visit at Mr. Mayor's; Miss Gab was then in her fifteenth, and Mr. Montgomery

in

in his eighteenth year; it was the delight of Sophia to hear Charles recount his adventures, she would spend whole hours in listening to his tales; his descriptions were animated and pleasing, and his misfortunes drew torrents of tears from her eyes;

“ She loved him for the dangers he had passed,

“ And he loved her that she did pity them.”

When the hour of separation arrived, unconscious of the latent cause, they parted with infinite regret, and the wish to meet again never once lost its force in the heart of Montgomery, from that moment to the time when Captain Effence, in his way to India, touched at Plymouth; he then called on his friend the Mayor, to thank him for every past favour. Here again he saw Miss Gab, and here, young as they both were, the mutual attachment they felt was revealed, they exchanged hearts, vowed constancy, and parted.

At his return from India, Montgomery's ship was paid off at Portsmouth, but Plymouth was his road nevertheless; there, said he, I learned she was with her parents.

Had

Had I returned with the wealth of a Nabob, Sophia, dear Sophia, thou shouldst have been mistress of me and my fate ; but I am come home a beggar, I have nothing to offer the girl of my heart but love, I do not deserve that she should bestow a thought on me ; yet, notwithstanding the folly you have witnessed, never, never have I forgotten my Sophia ; but, poor girl, can I think of involving her in my misfortunes ? No ; I will give her up, her wealthy parents can wed her to a man of rank and fortune ; she was born to adorn any station ; ill would her delicate form support the hardships of poverty and obscurity, and I have nothing else to share with her.

Henry sighed responsively at the sailor's complaint, who again declared he would die before he would involve the girl he adored in his distress ; but with all his heroism he was curious to know whether Sophia yet thought of him, or whether so long a period and change of circumstances, had not wholly obliterated her first fond impression ; he therefore prevailed on Hen-

ry to change his purpose, burn the card, and repair at the dinner hour to Dowgate Hill.

Mrs. Gab had made many curious enquiries of her spouse respecting Henry; she protested he was quite the man of fashion, and having heard that the Hertfords were all remarkably fine, tall, handsome young men, she took it into her head that Mr. Conway must be of that stock; a conclusion her husband was not at the trouble of contradicting; he was more engaged with his coffee and muffin than in listening to his lady's quality definitions; he therefore just answered, very likely --- to be sure --- he was quite of her opinion --- he believed she was right. --- So that this point being settled, who can doubt of our hero's reception when he paid her his respects at four o'clock? He was now a man of consequence, and Mrs. Gab ordered the servant to give her instant notice when he appeared, a piece of politeness he would have gladly excused, as he wished much to have a little chat with Sophia.

Just

Just before dinner was served up, in stepped a tall, thin, pale-faced young man, whose looks were hectic all over, but whose manners were heroic, and whose discourse was a mixture of bluster and scandal.

My dear Ned, quoth Mrs. Gab, I must interdoose you to a perdigious favourite of mine; this is Mr. Conway. Mr. Conway, Captain Gab, my son.

So Ned, cried Mr. Gab as he entered, how goes stock? low, I doubt, you would not otherways have visited your mother.

The young Captain cast a fly leer, with his tongue half out, at Henry; and then presently recomposing his features, answered, Dear pa, how can you think so, I am sure I am very happy at all times to pay my duty; I have brought ma some tickets for the Ancient Concert, and as there are seldom any body there but people of fashion——

Oh, my dear Ned, you are very good, to be sure I shall go. They now sat down to table, and from thence adjourned to the music-room, whence Mr. Gab stole off at seven.

seven. As soon as he was out of hearing, the young gentleman, without the least restraint at the presence of a stranger, told his ma, that as he knew she would like to go to the concert, he had made interest to be set down as a subscriber, which, as people of a certain rank were hitherto only accepted, had been compassed with great trouble, and no small expence; that as he should wish his ma to be respected as much as any Duchess there, he was obliged not only to lay down a large sum, but must make valuable presents to the performers, which had so run him out of cash, that he must trouble his dear ma for a fresh supply, at the same time presenting her with the tickets, which ma received with one hand, and extended the other to him with her purse; and very soon after the Captain, recollecting an engagement, took his leave.

Mrs. Gab then entertained Henry with the numberless good qualities of her son, the polite company he kept, and high favour he was in with the great; to be sure those advantages could not be attained without

without some expence, but what of that, Mr. Gab had money enough, and he was still getting more, and how could it be so well laid out? Her son was a perfect gentleman, that every body knew; indeed the concert tickets were a proof of it, since without interest they were not to be gotten for love or money.

But this happened to be Mrs. Gab's mistake, as it is a secret pretty well known, that however respectable the subscribers, however strict in point of rule, and however careful as to company, tickets of admission are daily purchased, by some means or other, for the first public meetings in the kingdom; and, to let our readers into a secret, a pretence of the contrary was precisely the method Captain Gab had taken in order to get possession of ma's purse; he had bought the tickets of a waiter at a certain great house, and imposing on her credulity with his usual readiness of invention, the expences of the subscription, introduction money, presents to the performers, &c. &c. he obtained his end; and Mrs. Gab, impatient to signify her

her sons new acquired importance, in being admitted to scratch his name next to a lord, to a few of her friends ordered her carriage, and again left Sophia to entertain Mr. Conway.

This did not exactly happen, the gentleman being the entertainer and the lady the entertained.

A Mr. Montgomery had charged our hero, he told her, with his compliments.

Montgomery, Sir. O, my God! do you know Charles Montgomery? and does he yet remember his -----? The animated countenance, the sparkling sensibility, the breathless attention, and eager expectation, finished the sentence with more rhetoric than all the power of speech could have done.

Yes, answered Henry, poor Charles still adores his Sophia; but it is at the most humble distance; mountains are between ye; he is still unfortunate.

Ah! said Sophia, hiding at once her tears and her blushes with her handkerchief, and extending her hand to Henry;

where is he? If he is yet poor and wretched, I will separate his calamities from the lover; and then, even the most delicate will smile at my efforts to comfort him. At this moment, a violent rap at the door startled the fair logician, and immediately a young lady entered, followed by a gentleman, who being actually and bona fide a Lord, shall have a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Lord and Lady.

THE lady was a fine figure, had good eyes, a clear complexion, and white teeth; her milliner was Madam Le Brun, and her mantua-maker, one of the first Monfieurs in that line, so that her person was the excess of every thing fashionable. She was an only child, and had the misfortune of being, as the Spectator emphatically describes it, a beauty to her finger's end.

Her

Her salutations to Miss Gab, were visibly accompanied with a glance at Dellmore, who as a smart young fellow, was sure of her notice, which seemed to say, have you not *yet* felt my power? do you not see how handsome I am?

My dear Sophia, said the delicate creature, sinking on the sofa with an affectation of extreme fatigue, you can have no possible idea of what I have suffered to get here this evening, so many engagements abroad, and such a crowd at home. Do, my Lord, cried she languidly, turning to the person who attended her, favour me with your eau-de-luce. The title struck Henry with awe; with a Lord he had never before been in company; and with all due respect to the peerage of Great Britain be it spoken, they, with a few exceptions, are most respectable at a distance. Our hero congratulated himself on his good fortune; he should hear a Lord speak, he should have an opportunity of observing, with silent respect, the sentiments and manners of one of the nobles of his coun-

try: scarce would he respire, lest any of his Lordship's fine things should escape him.

It was the abominable scent of beuf roti that disordered you, my angel, answered my Lord. Wicked creature, lisped the lady. O, upon my honour, it was; I never dine in Great St. Helens, without undergoing half a dozen sorts of death; the good lady your mother, I beg pardon, but she really is in such terrors, lest there should not be meat enough carried from table, to feed a pack of fox hounds in full cry, that I swear, the scent of her roast and boiled is absolutely too powerful for my nerves.

Hear him, Sophy, cried the delighted visitor. --- I do, my dear, answered Miss Gab; but I own that the making a ridicule of your relation's wish, to entertain his Lordship, is a refinement on raillery I don't perfectly comprehend.

The lady smiled at my Lord.

My Lord smiled at the lady.

Have you seen the Devonshire hat, Miss Gab. --- No, but I have bespoken one in honour

honour of the lovely inventress; I conceive it so to my sex, that one of the first females in the kingdom, should also be one of the best; were her conduct in private life to be as much followed, as her taste in dress is admired, we should then have Devonshire *mothers, wives, and daughters.*

My Lord again smiled; it was his turn to want comprehension: but he knew the fashions, and took on him positively to assure the ladies, that the hat they were speaking of, was a horrid thing; not a woman of fashion would wear it; the one imported by the divine Perditta being every thing in the world that taste and elegance could make it, and he gave them his honour it would be the universal twaddle.

Perceiving that the attention of the company was now fixed on him, his Lordship did his little city acquaintance the honour of raising their wonder, and perhaps as he conceived it, their envy, by describing the persons, equipage, dress, and jewels, of the most brilliant courtezans, from which ani-

mating subject he made a natural transition to the bon vivants, and their mode of *living all the days of their lives*; he recapitulated the immense losses at play of one gentleman gambler, with the gains of another; he gave an exact account of the fortunes they received with their respective wives, and the annuities settled on, and allowances made to their several mistresses; and after entertaining them in the same refined style till ten o'clock, he pleaded an engagement that he could not break, and with a genteel bow to Sophia, and a gallant salute on the hand of her friend, without debasing the dignity of his nature by a single glance at Dellmore, he rolled off in his gilded carriage.

This then is a Lord, thought Henry.

Well, Sophy, cried the visiter, as you did not like my Lord for your own swain, what do you say of him as mine?

He is amazingly polite, said Sophia.---
Yes, answered the lady, exultingly, and he will be an Earl; Heavens! what a delightful life I shall lead! Well, child, if you
behave

behave well, I will introduce you unto the beau monde.

Sophia was much obliged, but Sophia did not wish to enlarge her knowledge, or increase her acquaintance.

Well, child, you really are vastly stupid, no soul in you; but your mama will undoubtedly be pleased, to have an opportunity of being introduced to the Earl and the Bishop; then, we shall have such a catalogue of relations, Lady Bettys, Selinas, Almerias, and Carolines; not forgetting, as Lord Crespigney says, an old Lady Margaret, an Irish aunt of ancient memory, besides the Honourables innumerable. Ah, Sophy, do you remember how we used to Ladyship each other at school? For Heaven's sake, dear girl, don't be plain Mistress; I protest, I shall blush to hear a plain city Mrs. announced by my porter. O, horrid, would one of the court belles say, (after perhaps having been abusing my complexion by the hour, and been struck dumb on that subject by the glow of shame on my cheeks) to her

satyrical companion, and in a loud whisper, suppose the monster to be one of my old cronies; for goodness' sake, dear Sophia, at least if you are resolved to *exist, live* you *cannot*, in the horrid sphere of vulgar ideotism, do have your husband knighted.

Well, answered Sophia, smiling; but what do you intend to do with *my mama* and *your own*?

Ah, cried the lady elect, I assure you, I am vastly distressed on that account; I have been thinking of a thousand things, for to be sure mama must come now and then, when we are quite alone, and I should be monstrously shocked to affront Mrs. Gab; but really now, I do not see how we can possibly avoid it: but my dear, with a half whisper, Is that young man totally dumb? Sophia coloured, as the question was asked in a manner designed to convey contempt, but it lost the intended effect. Henry could not help smiling, he very gracefully bowed, and said, if he had been capable of breaking in on the conversation of two such ladies, the

the interruption must have been occasioned by his being deaf, as well as dumb.

Bless me, said the lady, who are you like? whose features I am so well acquainted with? Henry did not know; and as it was not a matter of great consequence, and as the conversation was not the most interesting, he was considering, whether his stay would be productive of any further satisfaction to his friend, when his attention was called from their concerns to his own by the lady's next speech.

I have prevailed on mama, said she, to join me in persuading papa to be knighted; my Lord says it is a monstrous easy thing to get done; but he is so obstinate, and indeed as ridiculous as obstinate. Snug Tetsey, snug is the burthen of his song, merely because that ridiculous old fool Franklyn, and the precise Burgeses, choose to be snug, as he calls it; we cannot persuade him, Sir Anthony Levissage will sound well, when it follows two plain Mr's in the firm of the house.

Good God, thought Henry, how fine a lady have a few years made Betsy Levesage! Could I have supposed that elegant figure to be her! What a fate pursues me! Am I ever destined to meet the only connection I wish to be concealed from? The lady continued.

But what, you know, my dear, are their stupid notions to us; the prim Burges's minds no earthly thing but his wife; he is fit for nothing but to watch a sick bed, in a large woollen night cap; and I am sure, old Franklyn is not worth a thought. As to his conceited, learned sister, she has rendered herself so ridiculous by her own folly, that she will hardly presume to give herself airs; if she did, I believe (walking up to the glass) I should let her know her distance. Sophia, do you know patches are coming into wear again? Don't you think them vastly becoming? do you know, when I am a Countess, I intend to set the fashions; you will follow the Crespigney mode, won't you, my dear? Lard, I'll tell you the most ridiculous thing in the world;
do

do you know, that mama, you will hardly believe it, wanted me to have my cloaths made in the city; and what do you think was her reason? --- to save silk! Just as if a few yards of silk were of any consequence; and really, I should never conceit a dress that had not afforded the poor devils a few yards for themselves.

This young lady's volubility was of itself tiresome enough; it became absolutely disgusting, when Henry recollected that the person who uttered such a farrago of folly and extravagance, was a mere chit, whose pretensions but a few years back, would have been fully gratified in the practice of any industrious female calling whatever.

He rose with disgust, and bade the ladies good night.

Mr. Conway, said Sophia, mama will expect you early to-morrow.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Wife's Distress and a Husband's Inflexibility.

THE news that Henry had to impart to his friend, gave a celerity to his feet; but the effect, the disinterested tenderness the charming Sophia had on her lover was very different from what many good sort of folks might expect. Had it been Lord Crespigny who had been so beloved by a fine girl, *he* would doubtless have invited her confidence, and ended the affair, at the house of some humble convenient friend; a Captain Gab would have married her, and immediately set out on the grand tour with his Signora; Mr. Peter Martin would have whirled her to Scotland; and a mere man of business, while the accents of tenderness were flowing from her lips, would have considered how he could lay out her cash to the best advantage. Montgomery, who wanted the ready much more than any thing,

thing, thought only of Sophia. No, said he, throwing himself back in his chair, the tears gushing from his eyes; no, Sophia, never shalt thou give me comfort, at thy own expence, dear angelic girl: distress is nothing new to me, but to inflict *sorrow*, to lead thee into the thorny paths I am doomed to tread, O! *never, never*. Henry's feelings were in perfect unison with Montgomery's. They were both silent, and continued so, with very little intermission, till they separated for the night, which they did early, notwithstanding Mr. Donald M'Dougal very cordially invited himself to a can of grog.

Next morning, Montgomery begged Henry would oblige him for the last time, by going to Mr. Gab's, and, if possible, deliver Sophia a letter, which he had been up all night writing. Accordingly, our hero set out, as soon as he had any reason to believe he might be admitted to Sophia. In Fleet-street he overtook Mr. Gab, whose early appearance abroad, with his deranged dress and uncombed wig, confirmed his own
 confession

confession that he had played truant last night, having, as he said, been with a party of citizens to sup at Turnham-green, where (a thing very unusual with him) he had made so free with the liquor, that he had been put to bed, and was just come to town. Now, continued Mr. Gab, no man fears his wife less than myself; but, somehow, there is such an awkwardness in keeping a woman a whole night in a painful uncertainty, that I feel mighty comical; I must buy some nonsensical toy or other for her, get Ned advanced, or marry Soph to a Lord, before I shall, in my own mind, have paid her for her anxiety: in the mean time, you are a great favourite, I wish you would go before, and just relate the affair, that I may not have it to do. Dellmore promised to hurry on, and was shewn into Mrs. Gab's breakfast-room before either she or her daughter were up; they both however soon made their entrée, Mrs. Gab with every trace of anger and vexation on her countenance, and her daughter with her fine eyes swelled with weeping.

Henry

Henry repeated to the ladies, the history given him by Mr. Gab, to the great joy of Miss, who had feared much for her father's safety; but the tale was very differently received by the mother; she attempted a *gaieté de cœur* that sat very ill on her features, and commanding her daughter to make tea, desired no more might be said on the subject.

It was easy for Henry to perceive, that Mrs. Gab gave no credit to Mr. Gab's Turnham-green story; but the disagreeable oddity of her disposition was such, that it gave him no idea she could be right in many things; in kindness therefore to Mr. Gab, he artfully turned her attention to her favourite subjects, the young Captain and her quality friends, two strings that always struck on what good-humour she had in her composition; and Mr. Conway was such very good company, he should positively squire her to Hyde Park.

This was an honour he was by no means ambitious of; yet as Miss Gab was withdrawn, and there was now no chance of seeing

seeing her again alone till her mother retired to dress, he accepted a corner in her coach, and they drove to the park.

It fortunately happened, that Lord and Lady Baſto, the Counteſs of Dreadnought, and Lady Mary Brazen were all airing; and Mrs. Gab being a very dear and convenient acquaintance to each of thoſe noble perſonages, they were ſo particularly civil to her, that her pride being gratified at having a ſtranger witneſs to her grand connections, ſhe grew into ſuch wonderful conſequence with herſelf, and ſuch good humour to every body elſe, that by the time they returned into the city, the whole Turnham-green ſtory was forgotten.

She retired inſtantly to dreſs; but Henry was diſappointed of the opportunity he had flattered himſelf he ſhould have, of ſpeaking to Miſs Gab, by the preſence of a Mrs. Inkle, a haberdasher's lady, who was come to dine with Mrs. Gab.

The lady entered the drawing-room ſooner than uſual; for, as ſhe was not engaged with any of her quality friends that night, ſhe was not very particular in her
externals.

externals. They were scarcely seated at table, before Mrs. Inkle asked, if she knew when the marriage was to take place between Lord Crespigney and Betsy Levifage. This question was ill adapted to continue the placid temper of the lady of the mansion, she instantly fired up, and equally regardless of the presence of a stranger, and her own servants, who were in waiting, she began a most furious attack on poor Sophia. Mrs. Inkle was appealed to, as well as Mr. Conway, whether it were not the most provokingest thing in all the whole world, to have a daughter who pretended to be wiser than her mother.

Dear Madam, spare me, I beseech you, cried the trembling Sophia.

No, Miss, said the mother, I will expose you as you deserve; I should serve you right to lock you up and keep you on bread and water.

Now here, continued the eloquent dame, I got my dear friend Lady Basto to purpose a match between her and Lord Crespigney's grandson, who is heir to an Earl,
and

and her father offered the money the old Earl wanted. Well, my Lord came, and a genteel, polite, well-bred person he is, and would have married her, and I mought have been mother to a Countess; but behold, when my Lord came, and said all manner of civil things, and talked in such a sweet winning way about balls and hopers, and gwain to court, Madam cried and sobbed, and actually refused one of the prettiest, most politest young Lords in all England; and to mend the matter, that pert flut Bet Levifage, came in and set her cap at him directly: she knew which side her bread was buttered, and old Levifage offering 60,000*l.* here now he is gwain to marry her, and I shall lose the credit of keeping the best company in the city; for to be sure, Mrs. Levifage, a vulgar thing that is as ignorant as dirt, and as'nt got a morsel of a gentlewoman in her, will meet people of fashion at my Lord's, beside being a-kin to so many grand folks.

Yes, answered Mrs. Inkle; and moreover, Mr. Levifage is to be knighted.

Down

Down dropped Mrs. Gab's knife and fork, the deep scarlet of her ample countenance changing to a kind of pale purple.

A knight? echoed she.

A knight, repeated Mrs. Inkle.

Give me a glass of water, cried Mrs. Gab in a faint voice.

Put the sirloin on the table, Tom, said Mr. Gab; the King can never make Tony Levissage half so respectable a Sir.

Hem! Hem! Hem!

Mrs. Gab, in the dignity of her sorrow, hem'd three times; she tasted the water; it would not do, it was brackish; she ordered it to be impregnated with brandy; it was better. My dear Mr. Gab, said the afflicted matron, as soon as she could articulate; if you have one sparticle of love or compassion in your disposition towards me; if you wish to save my life --- But do you, only tell me that, do you desire me to live?

To be sure, my dearest life, answered Mr. Gab very deliberately, as he helped himself to a spoonful of gravy.

Well,

Well, Mr. Gab, if you do, only promise me one thing, cost what it will; do, I beg you on my bended knees; do be made a Knight before Levifage. And down on her bended knees Mrs. Gab actually dropped.

What time of the moon is it, demanded her husband?

Mrs. Gab's humble posture was instantly changed. What, you won't then, you won't (her colour returning) oblige me? you won't be made a Knight?

Do eat your dinner, Mrs. Gab.

I can't, I can't swallow a morsel, I shall never enjoy a day's health as long as I live, if Levifage's wife should be a Lady before me: and who but a barbarous man would refuse his wife the only thing that will make her happy, and such a wife as me? Yes, Mr. Gab, (a torrent of tears now bursting from their long confinement) 'tis the least you can do to make me a Lady; me who am as patient as Grizzle, when I know so well how I am injured. Yes, Mr. Gab, I know your tricks too well, with your Turn-
ham-

ham-green doings; but if you will but be a Knight, I'll forgive all: do, my dear Ned; now, pray do.

Why, lookye, my dear, answered Mr. Gab seriously, if a few thousands could knight *you*, I should have no objection to the *measure*; but as that cannot be done, if a gaudy equipage, rich cloaths, jewels, and what pocket-money you chuse to spend, will not make you happy without my making myself a laughing-stock, you are in a bad way; for, be satisfied, I will not do it, so you may settle the matter with your pride how you list; I will not do it. Having uttered this positive rejection of the lady's request, he proceeded in the more important article of eating, with redoubled gout from the interruption.

Not so Mrs. Gab.

Did any body, cried she, ever consider knighthood as a thing that would expose him to ridicule before; but people of narrow ideas take strange things into their heads. Sophy, said Mr. Gab come look up girl, the fifty thousand shall be thine,
if

if a Lord offers well, if a thriving tradesman better.

Wretch, said his lady, rising in the greatest ire, is it not enough, that you are perpetually breaking your chaste marriage vow, and that you refuse *me* every little indulgence, but you must encourage my daughter to disobey me? But my *son*, my *Ned*, *he* is a gentleman, and his fowl scorns your vulgar ideas. Aye, said Mr. Gab, now rising in ire also, get him knighted, he is above his father already.

Mrs. Gab smiled disdainfully.

Her husband sarcastically.

Mrs. Inkle foolishly.

Sophia sorrowfully, and

Dellmore good-naturedly.

Mr. Gab, after a short silence, resumed with an oblique hint, that as his contract was now at an end, it would be necessary for him to retrench his expences; a hint so well understood by Mrs. Gab, that she ordered the firloin up, and with great sweetness offered to help Henry to a bit of the inside; their appetites, which
this

this little altercation had interrupted, returned; the knighthood was dropped, and all but Sophia did honour to Mr. Gab's excellent table.

The delicacy of the poor young lady was so much shocked at the matter of her establishment being entered on with so little ceremony, as well as at the coarse reproaches of her mother, that she could not so soon recover her wonted serenity; and the wounds her sensibility received were the more painful, as she could not reveal to any other person, her sentiments on the conduct of her own mother: her dejection was too strong to be hid, and the silent tear dropped on her plate.

Mr. Gab tenderly loved his daughter, he could not unmoved see her agitation; but swearing if his whole fortune would make her happy, she should be so, bade her retire and compose herself; an offer she would not so gladly have accepted of, had she had any presentiment of the treasure in Henry's pocket.

Mrs.

Mrs. Gab, though she found it her interest to conceal her sentiments, could not with patience bear to think on the advancement of the Levifages; yet in the true waywardness of human nature, she was on the rack, to hear more on a subject that gave her so much pain; she therefore went from table as soon as the cloth was removed, in order to hear every particular of so heart-wounding a circumstance.

Now, thought Henry, on finding himself left alone with Mr. Gab, if the intimacy of the Levifages did not expose me to the danger of discovery, this opportunity would not offer.

Damn the woman and her quality folly, said Mr. Gab; so, she has dubbed you of noble blood, and made you a hundreth cousin to a Lord.

An honour, replied Henry, I have not the least pretension to.

So much the better, answered Mr. Gab, bluntly, so much the better; but pray, young gentleman, if the question be not imper-

impertinent, who are you related to, and what may be your situation in life?

This was an opening that revived all the hopes our hero had formed from the acquaintance with this family. The friendly accent with which the interrogation was uttered, was an invitation he had not power to resist. He paused a moment; and considering if he were so fortunate as to gain the friendship of so opulent a man, it were possible, under his assumed name, he might pass unnoticed by the Levifages, who knew very little of him, and who, it was probable, might not recollect his person, should chance throw him again in their way. He therefore modestly confessed his situation, owned he was wholly destitute of friends and fortune; and encouraged by the attentive countenance of his auditor, ventured to ask his good offices toward procuring him any employment of which he was capable.

Mr. Gab expressed his surprize that Mr. Burges, in whose power, both from his opulence and connection it was to be of the

most essential service to any young man, in the predicament in which he described himself, had not provided for him.

Henry very ingenuously set him right in that matter, by acknowledging himself a stranger to the Quaker, till the day that he was Mr. Gab's companion in the stage from Clapham.

Mr. Gab was good-natured, and had conceived a particular liking towards our hero, who was also a great favourite of Mrs. Gab's. It fortunately for Dellmore happened, that Mr. Gab had considerable property and dealings in the West Indies; and his agent there, being in bad health, was now on his passage home, greatly against the interest of his employer. Dellmore no sooner mentioned his situation to Mr. Gab, than he fixed, in his own mind, on him as a successor for his West India concerns: but he had also another employment in his head for him.

Mrs. Gab was a lady of much too fashionable ideas, to content herself with the recreation her country villa afforded; one or other of the summer bathing places

was

was always honoured with her company. Brighthelmstone was the place that summer most resorted to by people of rank. Ergo, that was the place for Mrs. Gab; and Sophia being to be of the party, Mr. Gab had promised to escorte them; but it somehow happened, that he had, at this particular period, avocations of a different nature, which rendered his absence from the metropolis very inconvenient; yet how to get off, he knew not, as it was not in his power to invent an excuse, that would reconcile Mrs. Gab to what she would look on as a great flight; particularly, as except on account of her daughter, she was not a lady who, from former example, could promise herself much from the civility of the other sex; and therefore going to a bathing place without a protector, must be unpleasant. Now Mr. Conway, could he be prevailed on to accept the one office for the sake of the other, and at the same time to conceal his real situation, and favour her idea of his being a man of some quality (for he knew it would be in vain

to propose any other for her escorte) was the very thing he could wish for. He briefly hinted to him what was in his power, and what was in his will to do to serve him, provided however he had no objection to the chapraning the ladies under the character in which he now appeared.

Henry was not more pleased at the idea of going abroad in a capacity that would perhaps more than put him in the way of fortune, than he was surprised at Mr. Gab's second proposal. It was to him, he confessed, the most irksome thing in nature, to be under the constraint inseparable to an assumed character; a sense of double dealing would, he feared, take from him that happy confidence incumbent on a man to preserve, who had ladies under his protection; and that he should feel particularly awkward, should Mrs. Gab's command, or accident, carry him into company, or places where his false pretensions to rank could be investigated; and that, in fine, he should much more willingly accept

accept the place of a common clerk, till the time when Mr. Gab would have occasion for his services, than act a part in the world, he was conscious he had no pretensions to.

Mr Gab was too much interested in carrying this point, to give it up so easily to Dellmore's objection. He opposed his interest; said, as to the assumed character, if *he* thought proper to consign to him the care of his family, well knowing who he really was, the world had nothing to do with it; that as to the company with whom he might happen to mix, if he kept up his own consequence, which he would put it amply in his power to do, no person would dare to question the credentials to fashion of a well-dressed young man, with plenty of money in his pocket; that it would particularly oblige him; and, lastly, it was an obligation he never would forget.

Notwithstanding all those arguments, our hero was extremely unwilling to engage in a scheme that appeared full of mystery, and scarce honourable. The conduct of Mr.

Gab struck him with astonishment; it was, indeed, one of those instances the world every day affords of the weakness of human nature, when under the dominion of passion; but it was the first of the kind he had met with.

Mr. Gab was a wary, a prudent, a sensible man; yet how retrograde to common sense did he act: he was introducing a handsome, accomplished young man, who might, though his countenance and manners were so full of candour and ingenuity, be a mere adventurer; one who might take advantage of Mrs. Gab's folly to dishonour him, and make himself amends for the drudgery of paying homage to her humours, by sharing in the riches of her husband; or he might be one of the vultures whose lives are devoted to the destroying of virtue; he might have planned the destruction of the innocent Sophia, or he might be a common fortune hunter, whose attention to his daughter might be the mask under which he concealed the most rapacious designs on his wealth:

wealth: and far more likely was it, that a young man of his appearance and abilities should accept the employment he so imprudently offered him, with some or other of those designs, than that he should be, as happily for Mr. Gab was the case, a man of honour and probity, whose doubts of the rectitude of so strange a plan were so strong, that he resolved to consult his friend before he either finally closed with, or rejected it. Indeed, every thing considered, it was so extraordinary a proposal, so out of the rules of propriety, that had Montgomery's letter been delivered to Sophia, it is most likely he would not have hesitated about it. As it was, he begged leave to consider it, and promised to attend him the next morning. The ladies being separately engaged, he left Dowgate Hill at seven, with Mr. Gab; and proceeding directly to his lodgings, found Montgomery had been out all day with his worthy landlord, and was not yet returned.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Watchhouse.

AFTER waiting in anxious expectation of his return till near midnight, he heard M'Dougal's voice below; and his friend not appearing, he descended to enquire after him.

Mr. Donald M'Dougal was much out of sorts; that settled smile, which had hitherto ushered in his smooth dialect, was no more seen; his red eye-brows were contracted, and his features were sullen and dissatisfied.

To Henry's salutations he scarcely moved, and his manner was moody and reserved. To his repeated inquiries about Montgomery, he returned rude monosyllables; and at length, when Henry, in a voice that testified both passion and concern, insisted on knowing where Montgomery was.

He

He neither knew, nor desired to know, any thing about him; wherever he was, he was a scoundrel; and he supposed his companion was no better.

Henry Dellmore's temper would not bear with christian meekness, an insult offered to his own character, or that of his friend; he was not conscious of any one act, putting Lavinia Orthodox out of the question, that could authorize any person living to arraign his principles, or stigmatize his fame; nor had he less faith in the honour and honesty of his friend.

Scoundrel! said he, his colour mounting into his cheeks, and trembling with rage.

The Scotchman repeated the epithet, and in a moment formed the second edition of Billy Holcomb, measuring his length on the floor.

The fallen hero roared out most manfully, and Mrs. M'Dougal, a lady we have not before introduced to our readers, ran up stairs, out of an under-ground

kitchen, to enquire the cause of the outcry.

O, my dear, said she; and upon my shoul, honey, this is what I call traiting me very dirtily; to come into an honest house, and kill my poore husband, without giving me a reason for what. Arrah, don't howl so, my dear; where are ye hurt, and what the devil ails you, to stand still and see your own self knock'd down after that fashion, when I am shoore, you're as good at that play as any woman alive?

This lady, I need not inform my readers, was Irish; her husband they already know was a *bonny Scots mon*. It was seldom that the loving pair happened to be of one mind, although scarce a day past without violent arguments being made use of by the husband, to convert his wife to his way of thinking; but that was between themselves, and it is no uncommon thing, in disputes of that nature, to see the most enraged opponents unite forces against any meddler, who may be so officiously kind as to attempt parting them.

Mrs.

Mrs. M'Dougal was violently angry at the ill traitement of her poore Donald, who either could not, or would not speak. The wife, divided between her hopes and fears, set up an Irish howl that raised the neighbourhood, and obliged Henry to stop his ears. As soon as a sufficient number of people was collected, to prevent further violence, Mr. M'Dougal got up, and very composedly ordering the watch to be called, charged him with our hero, who being a stranger, and having no person to answer for his appearance, was carried to the watch-house, where he had an opportunity of witnessing scenes that exceeded credibility! Scenes, that disgrace no other nation in the known world! Scenes, that, were it not for their familiarity, would draw tears of blood from every maternal heart, and excite an active spirit of reformation in every man, who is honoured with the title of father! The nightly wanderer, the hardened mature prostitute, the cautious plunderer, him whose depredations call for the gallows, they are

no longer the nightly thronging nuisances of our streets. A few of the first of this description past the watch-house-door, giving and receiving curses from the guardians of the night. Henry was shocked, but not surprised at them; when his eyes beheld the clusters of unhoused infancy, when girls, in whose faces no trace of womanhood was visible, when the voice of childhood was heard to solicit to vice, his heart sunk within him. Oh! for thousands, cried he, to build a shelter for these infants; to teach those who have never learned, the transcendent beauties of morality, and renew the memory of it in those that have. Ah! were those charms created but to bud before they are eternally blasted! Those ringlets, do they wave in that beautiful irregularity, to be devoured with filth and disease! Hapless wretches! Have ye mothers, and do they live? Have ye fathers, and are they preserved from distraction? The night was cold; three girls, the eldest not by her looks fourteen, drew towards the watch-house; out sallied

the

the constables. Ah, hurt them not, touch them not for pity, cried our hero; consider their youth: alas! alas! that so young as they are, I should have to say, they *once were* innocent. To his joyful surprise, one of the wretches advanced; she whispered, and appeared to mollify the men, who permitted them to pass on. In two minutes another still younger creature drew near; again the night officers were alarmed. Fearful, she stopped; she had no powers to mollify them, as her sisters in iniquity and in sorrow had done; she ventured to hint at a transaction of the preceding night, and was instantly knocked down!

Henry trembled; he would have run to her assistance, but he was a prisoner. The poor girl lay without sense or motion, till the men being alarmed, somewhat perhaps for her, and more for themselves, as Henry denounced vengeance against them if she was murdered, took her up and poured some of that grand nostrum, English gin, down her throat; in a few minutes it recovered her to a sense of her condition,
 she

she wept, and complained of her head, which bled violently, and she was so weak and faint, that although they then ordered her to be gone, and she seemed to exert her utmost strength to obey them, she could not stand; but sinking on the ground, said, she believed she was murdered.

Henry raved, he threatened; he entreated them to take her into the watch-house, and send for a surgeon. A shilling to one of the men obtained the first part of his request, but as to the second, though they saw her head had a deep cut on it, and she had again fainted away, that was impossible.

What, is there no medical man near? Do none of you know where to find a surgeon?

Fine talking, said the great man who was chief in command, ycleped the constable of the night; who is to pay him?

Good heavens! would you let a fellow creature expire for want of assistance? I will pay him, be the expence what it may, said

said Henry. And fine talking, the reader may say too, when he is told three shillings and six-pence were all the strength of his pocket, when he was delivered into the custody of the watch. One of those he had given to two poor boys, who stood shivering at the door, and protested they had not tasted bread that day; one was the price of the girl's admission; so that, according to this reckoning, there remained one shilling and six-pence towards paying a surgeon for curing a broken head!

You will die rich, I believe, younker, said the chief constable; but since you are so prodigal of your money, that man will go for a surgeon if you pay him.

Him! answered Henry, astonished; why, it was him that knocked the poor wretch down!

Well, master, and I'll go as cheap as any body for ye, cried the man.

Well talk not, but run.

The woman was now reviving, and in a language suitable to her juvenile looks, bemoaned her situation. She wished she
was

was dead, that she did; she had no comfort of her life she was sure; she had done black Tom no hurt, he need'nt have knocked her down; she said no harm to him; only last night she had given him half a guinea which a gentleman had given her, instead of six-pence, and he did nothing but laugh at her; and so she thought, as she had no money, he would not meddle with her to-night, and she only told him of it; she was sure she was not saucy to him, but; oh! her poor head; what should she do, it did so ach, and she was so empty and so hungry!

Henry's heart dropped blood; his liberal hand would have administered his all to her relief, but to his utter consternation, on putting it into his pocket, he found it had been entirely cleared of its contents, being turned inside out; and, what was of more importance, his watch was gone.

Compassion for the girl now gave way to concern on his own account; his grand resource, in case of the worst, was gone; he

he had not left wherewithal to pay the surgeon, who soon arrived, or to give the wretch who had called him, what he demanded for his trouble.

It was to no purpose he appealed to the officer of the night ; it was in vain he remarked, that no person but those whose duty it was to protect him from so villainous a depredation, had been near him.--- The man was disposed to take a nap ; he did not chuse to be disturbed ; birds of a feather flocked together ; those who played at bowls, must expect rubbers ; if people would associate with w----s and pickpockets, they must take it for their pains. And then raising his voice, insisted on turning the wench out ; which, as Henry had no arguments to prevent, was soon done. The surgeon, who had come in great haste, in hopes of being liberally paid, departed in as great wrath at his disappointment ; for which, as the young man did not possess a single shilling, there was no remedy. He however, promised to meet them on the morrow, at the justice's ; a man of his character

racter and importance, was not to be trifled with: did Henry suppose a practitioner of credit, was to be called out on every paltry occasion? He should insist on being paid. And with a significant toss of his head, he majestically walked off. The same conviction, viz. that Henry had no money, acted as an opiate on the whole posse comitatus, who conceiving they had done hard duty that night, left the streets to the vigilance of the house-breakers, and betook themselves to snoring.

Our adventurer was not in the least disposed to sleep, after the horrid scenes he had witnessed; his thought snaturally reverted back to the occasion that brought him into such a situation. His anxiety for the fate of a friend, who, he made no doubt, would have come to him if he had been at liberty, swallowed up every other consideration. He formed a thousand conjectures, each more distressing than the last. The agitation of his mind, operated on his person; he took hasty strides to and fro, without regarding objects. Happening to face
the

the iron grate of the window, something very white on the outside rather startled him; however, he advanced to it, and found, to his extreme surprise, it was the face of the girl who had been so ill used. She motioned to him, to keep silence; and when he was quite close, in a low whisper and voice that plainly spoke the utmost terror, lest she should be over-heard, bade him, when he came before the justice, be sure to mention his watch: and charge Gunter, said she, the man in the brown coat, with having it. The moment she had uttered this, she went off as fast as her weakness would permit.

The mention of the justice reminded him of a former adventure, when he had been before a magistrate. The candour and justice of Samuel Spooner, Esq. were not, it must be confessed, of a complexion greatly to encourage him. He knew little of the nature of his offence, and less of the punishment to which it was liable; but little as he did know, he was yet sufficiently acquainted with the world, to be certain, that

that he should stand in essential need of two things he neither had or knew where to procure, namely, *money* and *friends*.

The uneasy uncertainty he was in on account of Montgomery, was increased by his own inability *now* to assist either himself or friend. His watch lost, and the few valuables he yet possessed, perhaps not sufficient to answer the expences of his then situation, what had he before him but an increase of misery? He saw no possible resource but in Mr. Gab, whose offers it would, now, be madness to reject; and though he detested the idea of assuming a character that he had no real claim to, yet when he considered that no person could suffer by the imposition, and that a short space of time would free him from so disagreeable a predicament, and fix him in one equal to his wishes, his objections, per force, gave way to the exigencies of his fortune. But as his all depended on Mr. Gab, he could not risk losing his good opinion; which, as it was of the utmost importance, he judged it would be wrong to venture,

on

on a supposition that he might not view the affair in a favourable light: and, as to money, that was still more difficult to obtain than a friend.

In those bitter reflections, the horrid place where he then was, nor the anguish of the miserables for whom he had lately felt, were thought of; his pace up and down the watch-house quickened, and he was totally absent, till roused into resentful attention by the voice of Mr. Donald M'Dougal, who had entered the watch-house unperceived by him. He shook hands, in great show of cordiality and friendship, with the Chief in Command, who testified no resentment at having his rest broken by a person who seemed perfectly well known to the whole set. The liberality, indeed, with which he ordered a quantity of liquor for their general refreshment, called for, and obtained respect.

After a low conference between the constable and his visiter, the former advanced to our hero, and in a kind of loud whisper, thus addressed him.

Young

Young gentleman, this here is a very bad affair of yours; you have committed a violent assault on an inhabitant of this here parish, whereof, the man pays scot and lot, and you don't know the consequence; it may be the ruination of you, besides costing a power of money, and exposing your name in the news papers.

Henry continued his walk, indignantly silent. Our justices, continued the man, are very strict, devilish strict; you will be committed, depend upon that; ah, they'll never forgive an assault on a housekeeper; and here, it seems you have no money; upon my soul I am very sorry for you. Har-kee, in a lower voice, if I was you, I'd try to make it up, M'Dougal is a good-natured man; I dare say now, he might be prevailed on to drop the matter.

Still Henry observed a stubborn silence. The constable went on.

Come, suppose now I try what I can do for you; you are a very young man; there is no doubt of your ruination, if you don't make the matter up; though indeed I shall stand

stand then as bad a chance as you do now by discharging you. But, hang it, I am too good natured: you'll sign a general release, and I'll venture. I should grieve to see such a clever young man sent to Bridewell to beat hemp. Mr. M'Dougal, this gentleman is very sorry.

That I did not break his bones, interrupted Henry.

Nay, nay, cried the constable, if you will be ruined, you must.

Ah, said the Scotchman, it is weel for the youth, that the compassion of my soul is so much grater than his desert; the chrestean sparat of doing gad for evil, is aw the comfort of my hert. I foregee ye lad, an ye can foregee yoursel.

Henry was not so void of penetration, but he could discover a stronger motive for the chrestean sparat in his landlord, than the one he chose to assign. He plainly saw, that the detaining him would be a matter undesired, and, perhaps, inconvenient to him; but as it was also a circumstance that would not only involve him in a thousand

stand difficulties, from which he had no means to extricate himself, but prevent his gratifying his fervent desire of searching after Montgomery, he calmly answered that he could with great ease reconcile his actions to his own feelings, but that however satisfied he was with himself, he did not deny, that he wished to be free from so troublesome a confinement; and altho' it was, at this particular juncture, extremely inconvenient to him to be in durance, yet he would not accept of liberty, or stir from where he then was, be the consequence what it would, till he knew the fate of his friend.

M'Dougal protested, he knew not where Montgomery then was; that at his own request, he had good naturedly accompanied him to a house where there were gentlemen diverting themselves with cards, and he believed there might be an E O table. But, said the honest Scotchman, I gin your freend my company; he dinna luk on me as hes gourdian: wha ever sa Donald M'Dougal himsel game? Oh, troth, aw
that

that I ded was to luk on, and the cheld caw'd me aw that was bade; but I forgee him. An noow there es a letter for you at your lodgings that may be fro him.

Send for it immediately, cried Henry. By all means, answered the constable, winking at M'Dougal. Here, who will go on an errand for this gentleman?

I will, cried black Tom, if the gentleman will pay me for calling the surgeon. Or I, says another, if I am paid before hand. Those hints at his empty pocket were very well understood; from them there was no appeal: and the landlord, taking advantage of his eagerness, produced a general release, both for himself and his friend the constable, which Henry signed, and was liberated immediately.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A second Instance of Maritime Prudence.

AS soon as he arrived at his apartment, having been let in by Mrs. M'Dougal with more civility than he expected, he eagerly opened the letter which lay for him on the table, and found it contained as follows:

“ Dear Conway,

“ I have been a second time fooled out of every shilling. M'Dougal is a swindling rascal, and connected with a set of villains who have cheated me. I have drubbed two or three of them, and would have finished with the decoy, had he not escaped. I have also broken the E O table to shivers; but that satisfaction will not pay our lodging nor answer the other necessary purposes of existence. I am fated to be a poor miserable dog, but will not involve you
in

in my misfortunes; I have one hope left, and but one. The chief of my family is just come to his title and estate; he bears a good character, and he may be kinder to a second cousin than his predecessor was to his first. I will make my way to him; if he relieves my misfortunes, and gets my commission confirmed; if ever the sun of prosperity shines on me, then you will hear from me again: if not, conclude me wretched, and forget me. I would, but dare not mention one dear name, nor would I willingly, any more expose your honour to temptation, than I would have the consequence of my folly be extended to you. You cannot, consistent with the character of an honest man, plead the cause of an imprudent beggar, to a woman of honour and fortune; yet, O, Conway, I cannot trust myself; nor could you, I firmly believe, notwithstanding your conscience would condemn the act, resist my solicitations, if you knew my distress; but may I be forgotten by all to whom I give pain.

"Accept of what things of mine are at the lodging, and do not forget to leave your address at the bar of the Golden Cross."

The reader must be little acquainted with the goodness of our hero's heart, if he believes he was not greatly affected at the contents of this note. A friend to share our distress, is the most desirable thing the world can give, excepting only the one that relieves it. His eyes, surcharged with tears, were yet fixed on the paper, when Mrs. M^cDougal rapped gently at his door. He was ill disposed for the society of any person under that roof; and with a voice not much distinguished by its affability, he bid her enter.

Apon my shawl now, my dear, said she, as she opened the door, I am heartily glad to see you come back again with my two eyes, because, d'ye see, I want to have a little private talk with you, before my husband's face. Oh, Mr. Conway, he is a bitter rogue; but it is not always he lies

so still; faith, and he is good enough at knocking down. Oh, to be shoore, my dear, I should have been sorry to see you hanged, because, to be shoore, you're a fine tall young man, and as like a Dublin lad as won potatoe is like another. But if Mac was now lying down on the floore, just where you placed him, oh; honey, it would be the best day's woork you ever did, and I should bless the night poore Mac went to purgatory; and between you and me, the devil a farthing would I give old Dermot, to move him from thence.

But poore showl, to be shoore, I shall die myself before I live to see that day. Ah, honey, if ever you should be a widow, never believe all the palaver in the world, won good husband is more than comes to your share.

Have you any business with me, woman? sternly demanded our hero.

That I have, indeed, my dear, replied she, bursting into tears; you must know, Mister Conway, I have a strong thought, that same Mr. Montgomery that lodged

here, is my dear Charles, that I suckled with my little Janet's precious milk, at home in Ireland. Poore dear showl, he was lost many a years go, and before that he was drowned, beside being murdered by the blacks. And now, Sir, if you know whether it is him that's now alive, and lost all his money to my blackguard husband; faith, I can tell you as good a thing, for 'Squire Benwell, that married the great India fortan, have offered fifty pounds reward for him, alive or dead.

How! answered Henry alarmed; a reward? Why, what has he done?

Oh, poh, poh, jewel, answered Mrs. M'Dougal, he has done nothing at all at all, but run away from his friends when he was poore; and now some of them are rich, and want to overtake him; that's a race, honey, that Irish blood always runs. Now, d'ye see, the matter is quite another thing here in ould England; 'tis the rich friend that runs from the poore relations. But what does that signify, you know, we are always making bulls on the Dublin

side

side of the water; and, faith, that's the greatest bull of any.

This farcasin from the voluble Irish woman, gave our hero a higher opinion of her understanding than he had at first entertained. He bid her sit down, and having promised attention to her story, learned, on comparing Mr. Montgomery's account of himself with the one he now heard, that she actually had been his wet nurse; and she produced several newspapers, in which was the following advertisement, all dated within the last year.

“ If Mr. Charles Montgomery, the youngest son of the Hon. Augustus Montgomery, of the College Green, Dublin, who sailed as midshipman on board his Majesty's ship the ----, which ship was wrecked on her passage out, in the year -----, and was among the few of the ship's company who reached the Cape, be living, and will apply to R. Benwell, Esquire, of Lower Grovesnor Street, he will hear of something

thing greatly to his advantage; or, if any of the ship's company, who were saved as above, or any other person, can give any certain information whether the above Mr. Charles Montgomery be living or dead, they shall receive a reward of fifty pounds, on application as above."

Good God! said Henry, after perusing the advertisements, how unfortunate it is, this was not mentioned before!

O, cried the woman, the minute I saw his dear face, and broad shoulders, I felt my heart jump, and I told my husband, I was shure he was a Dublin boy; but then, honey, you know, I never saw his name in his face: No, nor till after Mac Dougal was killed and come to life again, did I see it was my dear Charles, that my husband cheated out of all his money. O, if I had, but he should have knocked me down first. But now, honey, about the reward. O, bless your sweet face, will you go with me to 'Squire Benwell, and tell him two or three things about my dear Charles.

Charless. O, Christ! if I get the fifty pounds, but I'll go back to my own dear little Ireland, and lave M'Dougal to let lodgings here in Orange Street, by himself, for ould Janet.

Mr. Donald M'Dougal was, I have said, born north of the Tweed, and I have also said, from his *own* information, that he was a mon of integrity, a mon to be depended on; and so in some cases he certainly was, for during fifty years peregrination to many parts of the globe, he had never once been influenced, by any consideration whatever, to relinquish any plan that would, in his own idea, contribute to his interest. He had not indeed, made that way in the great world that many of his more successful country-men had done, but that was his misfortune, as he wanted not for perseverance, cunning, or cold blood, the three grand characteristics of a Scotchman; and this misfortune bore the harder on him, as there were few things he had left unessayed to rise, even to the taking of a wife, who proved a mere

widow's bargain, and brought him a long list of debts, contracted by her first husband, instead of, what he expected, a heavy purse and warm home. In this deception however, our Irish woman was an innocent party, as the addresses of Mr. Mac Dougal commenced the very day her first husband was buried, and continued with so much warmth, and professions of disinterested love, during the space of one month, the precise period of Janet's widowhood, that the poor woman had no opportunity to think of her circumstances till Donald's love went off in a fit of rage, at finding her household stuffs, which were very good, were all her fortune: those, in the height of his disappointment, he sold to a broker, and took a hasty passage to Glasgow, in his way to the Highlands; but Janet being remarkably quick in her motions, happened to land there just two hours before her husband.

As to the joy of the meeting, I say nothing; Janet stuck like a bur. From Scotland, the loving pair proceeded to
England,

England, where working and scolding, on the part of Janet, and cheating the world and beating his wife, on the part of Donald, had filled an interval of seven years.

Donald knew better than to trust a thing of the importance of fifty pounds to Janet; within five minutes after our hero was delivered into the custody of the guardians of the night, Montgomery's letter was brought to Orange Street by a porter, who, if he had not found the family up, was ordered to knock at the door till he was answered, and deliver it into Dellmore's own hand; he accordingly, made some objections to the trusting the landlord with his deposit.

M'Dougal knew how to get over this difficulty; he kept an excellent dram-bottle, and his tongue was, when he had a point to carry, remarkably well hung.

Once in possession of the letter, he soon was acquainted with the contents: but he had no sooner read the signature, than Janet, who had been, as she said, much

struck at the features of her lodger, immediately screamed, It is' my Charles, my own dear boy !

Interrogatories on the side of the husband, were followed by explanations on that of the wife. The history of Montgomery led to the reward offered for any intelligence concerning him ; his capacious apprehension took in the whole, and he formed his plan at once.

The first step he took, was to liberate Henry. As soon as that part of the business was dispatched, he returned to the gaming-house, where he had left the young sailor, and from thence to every probable place whence he might have taken a passage to Ireland, not neglecting those parts of the river where the Irish coasters lay, or passing a single Irish public-house, from the Tower to Lime-house ; but his enquiries were unsuccessful, the fugitive could no where be heard of. No ways discouraged by the failure of this part of his scheme, it being pretty far advanced in the morning, while Henry was losing,
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in a welcome and quiet sleep, all remembrance of the occurrences of the past night, and Janet was anticipating the joy of an elopement to dear little Ireland, with fifty pounds in her pocket, the indefatigable Mr. Donald M^c Dougal was actually claiming the reward, according to directions in the newspaper.

Mr. Benwell was exceedingly rejoiced at the hopes of recovering Montgomery; he made no scruple about paying the fifty pounds as soon as he should be certain, the story told by M^c Dougal was to be depended on; he therefore accompanied him back to Orange Street, to the entire destruction of all Janet's air castles, and to the unspeakable joy of Henry, who found from Mr. Benwell, not only that it was indeed his friend whom the paper described, but that the full gratification of every wish that money could ensure, would be the consequence of his appearing, to claim the indulgence of dame Fortune.

Mr.

Mr. Benwell enquired, with great solicitude, after every circumstance in which the young sailor was concerned; and although the conduct of M'Dougal had been so scandalous, he actually paid him the reward, observing, with great propriety, the word of a man of honour depended not on the actions of others. However unworthy the wretch, M'Dougal was, according to the literal meaning of his promise, entitled to the reward; but Mr. Benwell, nevertheless, expressed the greatest contempt and abhorrence of his character, and engaged to punish his villainy, as well as to lay an information against the constable, for a breach of the law of his office.

He then invited our hero to a repast, at the next coffee-house, where he informed him, that a sister of Mr. Montgomery's had gone to India, in quality of companion to a lady who had come to England for the re-establishment of her health, and was then returning to her husband, a man high in the company's service, and
of

of immense wealth, whose sister he had himself married.

Mrs. Nesbit, the protectress of Mr. Montgomery's sister, died soon after her arrival in India, and her companion succeeded her in the affections of Mr. Nesbit, who had himself died, about two years back, leaving his widow in possession of his whole fortune, twenty thousand pounds only excepted, which he gave Mr. Benwell.

Mrs. Nesbit had continued in India, to settle her affairs, but had transmitted to Mrs. Benwell, some commission of importance to her peace, which she wished her to act in, previous to her return to England. The ill success hitherto, in the researches after Mr. Montgomery, and the impossibility of executing her other commands, Mr. Benwell added, had rendered her less desirous of returning to England, than she was at the time she became mistress of herself and fortune; but Mrs. Benwell who was much attached to her amiable sister in law, as well as greatly indebted to the generosity
of

of her disposition, now flattered herself, she would immediately come home.

Henry lamented, with unaffected sincerity, the unfortunate excursion Montgomery had made in company with M^r Dougal; but as he had himself given the route he meant to take, and as his family were well known to Mr. Benwell, there would, he hoped, be no other disagreeable consequence attending it, than merely a delay, without the least fear of a prevention of the happy lot that awaited him. He was impatient to reveal the happy alteration in her lover's prospect, to Miss Gab; and therefore declined an invitation from Mr. Benwell to accompany him to Grosvenor Street, and hurried to the city.

He found, to his great satisfaction, Sophia, who, having long compleated the business of the toilet, was alone, waiting the appearance of her mother.

The letter he had not the day before had an opportunity to deliver, was now watered with

“A sea of pear', by some called tears.”

But

But those were quickly chased by the further intelligence Henry had to impart. Beams of lively and exulting joy, flashed from Sophia's eyes. Not, said she, that any thing can add to his worth, in *my* opinion; but my papa and mama, if they had been obdurate, what could I do? Indeed, Mr. Conway, I would not be undutiful--if--if--if--I could help it.

There was an enchanting grace in the simplicity of Sophia Gab, that is not always the companion of *simplicity*; it was a something, that while her own eyes were bashfully withdrawn from the gaze of the beholder, spoke through the deep crimson on her cheek, and proved it was excess of delicacy only, without the least atom of sheepishness, that occasioned the agreeable confusion in her countenance; and thus, while her tongue faltered and prevented a verbal explanation of her sentiments, she was most eloquent. Her elocution Henry was so far from interrupting, that he was wrapt in the delight which every man of sensibility feels in the contemplation of a beautiful,

beautiful, sensible female, when Mr. Gab entered, and sent his daughter to see after her mother.

Mr. Gab had no idea, how very much deranged Henry's circumstances were; nor, perhaps, if he had, would it have operated much in his favour, while he presumed to doubt on a matter already determined as to its propriety. He asked Henry jestingly, if he were to have the honour of entertaining a man of fashion at his house? Henry bowed assentingly, and Mrs. Gab immediately accompanying her daughter into the drawing-room, he was very pompously introduced as a person of rank, who would honour them, by accepting an apartment in their house, till some important affairs of his own were settled.

Mrs. Gab was in raptures; she knew the gentleman was a person of consequence; nothing was easier than to discriminate rank. Her complaisance, indeed, was excessive, and proved one of the severest blows to his pride that our hero could have received, as he felt, that high

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as were the commendations on his person and manners, it was to his consequence they were paid. If now, said Humility, that narrow-souled woman knew thou wert a wanderer, in a state of actual servitude to her husband, she would loath thee.

When, Mr. Conway, will you do us the favour? said Mrs. Gab.

To-morrow, I think you said, answered Mr. Gab for him.

Well then, to-morrow, replied the lady, I will order the apartment.

Henry tried to be amusing; he did not succeed. He swallowed his three glasses, but his spirits were still low. He took his leave early, to expedite his removal; and Mr. Gab whispered him to come to the accompting-house by ten the next morning.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Spunging House.

HENRY's disposition was very little calculated to accommodate itself to convenience, in opposition to principle and choice; wretched enough in the part he was obliged to act at Mr. Gab's; he was still more so at the necessity he was under of returning to Orange-street. His indignation and contempt for Mr. M'Dougal, were increased; and it was with no small disgust and reluctance, he thought of once more entering his house. But that was a matter he could not at present avoid, as it was by no means clear to him, if there were people who would take a person to lodge in their house who had neither money nor valuables, that he should be so fortunate as to meet with them; besides, he had a few things of his own there, and there was also a portmanteau belonging to

Mont-

Montgomery, which as it contained some linen, and that young man could not now be distressed for a fresh supply if he returned, he made the less scruple of accepting. But as those could not be removed, without paying the week's lodging, and as four shillings were a national debt to a man who had not so many farthings, he considered himself as obliged to return to MacDougal, and dispose of his buckles, before he could remove himself to Mr. Gab's. Thus ruminating on his affairs, he slowly walked through the city, with a brow of care that would have puzzled any one who had formerly known Henry Dellmore, to have pointed him out in the sober Conway. But empty purses will make thoughtful the most thoughtless; and of the latter description I confess my hero was, however opposite his present appearance was to his character. He was turning into Orange-street, when he was accosted by a very civil gentleman, not of the most pleasing physiognomy, who had some time followed his steps pretty closely, though disregarded by

our

our hero, whose attention was too deeply engrossed by his inward cogitations to regard who walked the pavement with him.

Sir, said the civil gentleman, in a voice not much softened by the graces, is your name Conway? Just as he had asked this question, another civil gentleman pushed upon the other side of him next the wall.

Henry looked earnestly at each, vainly endeavouring to recognise their features; at length, he replied in the affirmative.

Why then, Sir, said the best dressed of the two, I have a writ against you.

You must be mistaken, Sir, answered our hero; I owe no money in this town, whatever I may do elsewhere.

That's your affair, returned the man; mine is to serve you with the writ. You can get bail I suppose. Tom, call a coach for this gemman.

Henry had not hitherto had the felicity to be engaged in any law adventures; but he knew enough of it to distinguish the legal from the illegal. Resistance, he was sure, would be vain; and concluding that
the

the whole transaction originated in his being mistaken for some other person, and that possibly his detention might give him for whom the favour was designed, an opportunity of escaping, this time at least, he suffered himself to be put in a coach, and carried to the lock-up house.

Why Henry, who was all ingenuity and good-nature in his natural disposition, should feel an inward triumph in thus, as he thought, deceiving men who had not intentionally injured him, is a paradox I must leave to better casuists than myself, as I know of no one reason to assign for his conduct, excepting the general dislike to the profession of a bailiff.

When they came to the end of their journey, a difficulty arose about discharging the coach, that disagreeably surprised the civil gentlemen, namely, the prisoner's not being in possession of a single sou.

What the devil, such a fine buck-looking fellow as you, cried the last person who had unsolicited given our hero his company, with no money in your pocket!

Even

Even so, answered Henry.

'Twould have been but honest, young man, said the bailiff, if you had told me so when I called a coach.

It was your own will, not mine.

Well, I hope you have friends then?

Indeed, I have not.

The man stared.

What, neither money nor friends? said the follower. Oh, to be sure, you are not in a pretty pickle. You reckon, I suppose, on going to jail?

Humph, said Henry, casting a humourous look towards the iron gratings of the windows.

I don't see the joke, young man, of paying your coach hire, quoth the bailiff, in a surly tone; however, as we have brought you here, you may e'en stay to night, and consider of it.

He then led the way into a kind of kitchen, where sat a fine ruby-faced dame drinking tea, who arose at their entrance, and very courteously asked the new prisoner if he chose a cup.

Pshaw,

Plhaw, d---n your ftops, cried the bailiff; the gemman don't drink tea.

The tea-board instantly vanished.

Well, what's done with the lady? demanded the man, who, the reader understands by this time, or he is very dull of apprehension, was the husband of the woman, and the lord of the mansion.

Why nothing's done with her, answered the wife sullenly; and nothing's like to be done, I believe, but whimpering and crying.

On which the bailiff, whose name was Trap, advanced to the door of an inner room, where, when it opened, to the astonishment of Henry, he had a glimpse, it was no more, as the door was immediately shut again, of Clara Elton!

He staggered, he lost the power of respiration. Was it an illusion of the senses! or could it be indeed Clara! All his own affairs were instantly lost to his recollection; his surprise at the arrest, his embarrassed circumstances, his empty purse, *all, all*, were forgotten. What had memory

to do with past, the present was too amazing to be believed; so true it is, that

“ Though philosophy easily triumphs over past
and future ills,

“ Yet present ills triumph over philosophy.”

Clara Elton was, he knew, under age; a minor could not legally be arrested; she was heiress to a good estate, and great personals, from the accumulation of her fortune; she was also, under the protection of a man who considered his ample fortune, but as the means of conferring happiness on others, and who loved his ward with paternal affection: what could, therefore, have brought her under *such* circumstances, to *such* a house? While under the utmost anxiety, unable either to account for her being there, or to resolve on the conduct most proper for him to observe on the occasion, two men entered, and without any ceremony, went into the room where the treasure of the earth, in his idea was.

He

He involuntary followed; again he saw Clara, again the door shut.

It was not till this dreadful moment that the strength of his passion for Miss Elton was evinced to himself; he trembled, his teeth chattered, and unable to support himself, or reach a chair, he sunk down neither in nor out of a fit, utterly unable to speak, and breathing with extreme difficulty.

Mrs. Trap ran for water, but her assistance came too late to be of service.

The voice of distress was heard within the room; it was a female's: it complained in a plaintive tone. Heaven and earth! it must be Clara! It pierced the soul of Henry; he started up, and ran to the door. The voice died away; it seemed lost in anguish; the sobs were still to be heard. The door was fastened on the inside; but what were locks, or bolts, to the strength of affection? He burst into the apartment, and pale, trembling, and speechless, presented himself to Miss Elton with a surprise equal to her own.

Clara!

Henry!

He fell at her feet. Ah, Clara, ease my bursting heart; tell me what you do in this horrid place? Better, far better were it for me, to be for ever deprived of thy sight; happier would my ignorance of thy fate leave me, than thus to meet thee in company and situations, so contrary to all that is consistent with thy rank and purity. Where is your guardian, Miss Elton? Is Mr. Franklyn dead?

His agitation and eagerness were too pleasing to Clara, for her to take offence at his oblique hints of her imprudence; she begged him to rise, to be composed. It was Mrs. Napper who was Mr. Trap's guest; and though Miss Elton's countenance was serious, and bore traces of concern, the tears and grief which had so alarmed him, were Mrs. Napper's and her fair daughter's, whose spirits had suffered an unusual depression, on finding the security they offered on all occasions, and opposed to every difficulty, namely, Miss Elton's
bond,

bond, was in their present embarrassment positively rejected.

It was not the first time those ladies had supported the disaster of an arrest, with a wonderful share of philosophy; but Mr. Souflee was the first of Mrs. Napper's creditors, who had objected to the offered security of the young heiress.

It was, he said, inconsistent with his principle, to accept the bond of a minor, without the consent of her guardian, if he were disposed to give them time, which he was not; there was therefore no alternative, the money must be paid, or poor Mrs. Napper go into durance vile, as the marble-hearted creditor was equally impenetrable to the entreaties of the mother, and the tears of the daughter.

Mrs. Napper had, unfortunately for her, very little to do with ready money; she had just then found out, that she was one of the most unhappy women in the world, in which exclamation she was seconded by her daughter, who also joined in the bitter reflections on the cruelty of a creditor,

who had *only* staid three years for his money. His refusal either to wait longer, or accept Miss Elton's security, was inveighed against, as something heterogeneous to human nature.

The truth is, Mr. Souflee, who was a haberdasher, had furnished Mrs. and the Miss Napper's with finery in his way, four years. He was a man of easy circumstances, and not by any means rigid in his dealings; but Mrs. Napper having also furnished many of her scholars with gauzes, and other trifling etcetera's, for which she had been paid, and that coming to Mr. Souflee's ears, it had touched the irritable part of his temper, and rendered him deaf to her entreaties: and her offer of her young scholar, as a security, by confirming his opinion of her want of principle, added to his obduracy.

Trifling, however, to our hero, were the tears of Mrs. Napper and her daughter; the heart that would have bled at the distress of the most insignificant of God's creatures, was now too much engaged

engaged to heed that of a pair of lamenting females. He saw Clara Elton before him, her eyes beaming ethereal softness; the terror their indignant glances had struck into his soul at Windsor, was no more seen, nor no more remembered. Oh, Miss Elton, cried he, tenderly embracing her, how shall I call that a misfortune, which gives me the greatest happiness? Or how blame those ladies, for suffering the goodness of your heart to lead you into such an improper situation, when the error is so transporting to me?

Clara Elton, we have informed our readers, was always partial to Henry Dellmore; from her first distinction of the sexes, he was her favourite. In the expansion of her idea, still no young man was half so amiable, so attractive, or so handsome. When she paid the visit to Ethermanor, his heart was her meditated prize. Many and serious were the consultations between Miss Elton, her glass, and Jemima, about the colour most becoming to her complexion for the new riding-dress,

dress; and infinite were the pains bestowed, at the last stage, on her person: her face, ever beautiful, received additional grace from a desire to please; and she arrived at Ether, armed for conquest. But Miss Elton had long persuaded herself, that her own heart only had suffered during the period she staid at Ether; and the mortified state of her pride could only be equalled by the disappointment of her wishes. The discovery of his engagement to Lavinia Orthodox had indeed something abated that fervent approbation she was disposed to regard him with; and Miss Franklyn's displeasure was too great, to suffer her to give a fair representation of his manner of quitting Ether. That step indeed, would bear a construction that could not tend to remove the prejudice of his enemies; she had therefore exerted all her philosophy to banish him from her memory: but whenever he did recur to it, he was still amiable, and she ever regretted his engagement to Lavinia.

The meeting at Windsor was not much
to

to his credit, as he appeared in a state of inebriety, which confirmed the dissipated character Miss Franklyn had chosen to give him; and according to Mrs. Puffardo's account, he had taken such monstrous liberties with her delicate person, that she was sure he was a notorious libertine; and the good man her husband still held to his prognostick, that he would come to be hanged.

But notwithstanding all those disadvantages, there was yet a something in the heart of Clara Elton, that melted at the tenderness and attention now shewn her by Henry Dellmore. Far from suspecting he was a prisoner of Mr. Trap's, and ignorant of what nature his apprehensions on her account had been, she was for some moments, sensible only to the pleasure of this rencontre; and without puzzling herself with conjectures about the means by which it was brought about, felt too much real satisfaction to manifest any violent displeasure at the gentle pressure he gave her to

his bosom, nor any great hurry to disengage herself from his arms.

The embrace, however, was purely the attraction of sentiment, and consequently a sense of delicate propriety accompanied it; but Clara's dear Henry, how d'ye do? was uttered in too soft a tone to be answered. Sentiment gave way to passion; in that there was a mixture of the bitter and sweet, that rendered some regard to the Graces, a relief. He politely reached her a chair, and taking a seat near her, was very soon informed of the business which brought her there, by Mrs. Napper, whose dear self being her first concern, and who having wearied all her friends by her repeated and frequent applications, either to lend her money or become sureties for her responsibility, gladly grasped at the shadow of relief this accidental meeting with Henry afforded.

Well, Mr. Souflee, cried she, with fresh spirits, if Miss Elton is not of age, Mr. Dellmore is, and he, I am sure, will join my security; or perhaps, Sir, you can lend
me

me the money? Will you be so good, Sir, said Miss Napper, raising her fine eyes to his, with a fascinating smile.

If Henry had at that moment been in possession of so much money in the world, as would have paid Mr. Souflee, or if he had then been Mr. Franklyn's almoner, no doubt but Mrs. Napper would have been instantly discharged from her confinement. Not that, in the former case, the consciousness of having relieved unmerited distress would have been his reward, or that in the latter he would have pleaded his ignorance of the unworthiness of the object in his excuse; but there was a certain something in the accident, that brought him so near Clara Elton; something so irresistibly persuasive, in the event that placed him on the next seat to her, that allowed his right arm to encircle her waist, while her soft white hand suffered a willing imprisonment in his, that not only seventy-three pounds ten shillings, the amount of Mr. Souflee's demand, but an empire, had an empire been Henry Dellmore's,

would have been at the devotion of Mrs. Napper. In a word, his heart was open, his bond was ready, without troubling himself about his ability to discharge the engagement, or while he offered his signature, once bestowing a look on aught but Clara. This might be wrong; but

“ It was a vice which, weigh’d in heav’n, shall
more avail,

“ Than ten-fold virtues in the other scale.”

One of the persons present was the haberdasher’s attorney. On Henry’s acceding to Mrs. Napper’s proposition of becoming her bail, Mr. Trap contrived to favour that gentleman with a wink from one eye, imperceptible to the rest of the company; and immediately quitting the room, was followed by him. They soon returned, the attorney’s features in the same impenetrable state in which he had made his short exit; but as soon as he was seated, he formally rejected, on behalf of his client, the offered bail of Henry Dellmore, Esquire.

Mrs.

Mrs. Napper was again plunged into the most bitter distress.

Why, Lord love you, madam, said Trap, Mester Dellmore, if so be as how the gemman has got a Dellmore in his name, has business enow of his own to mind. *He* be your security! *he* lend you money! he must quoin it I believe if he does. Why, bless your heart, he has'nt a single tester; and moreover than that, the gemman is my prisoner, as well as you, and I dare for to say, by all counts, you may e'en go to the Bench together.

The ladies were struck with astonishment at this intelligence, they looked at Henry, and at each other; but although their surprize was mutual, and the same look of amazement possessed their countenances, far different were their feelings.

Mrs. Napper was vexed and disappointed, and having no other way of avenging it on the innocent cause, spitefully reproached him for the contemptuous style in which he had expressed his ideas of the
house,

house, where, it seemed, he was, as well as herself, a prisoner.

Miss Napper, who had, according to her invariable rule, began to play off the artillery of her eyes at our hero, by way of strengthening her mother's interest, withdrew them in scorn, and with a toss of her head, which she meant should be very expressive, walked to the opposite side of the room.

But Clara, whose hand Henry had let go in the moment he was awakened from the trance of delight by a recollection of his situation, voluntarily replaced it; and with her eyes anxiously fixed on his, tenderly asked if the man's tale was true.

And pray, Miss Elton, said Miss Napper, oblige Mr. Dellmore to inform you, by what accident you meet him in *such* a place, and in *such* company. The tone of voice, the young lady chose to assume, as she uttered this retort, lost the power she intended it should have on Henry. How could he feel mortified, in a state of the most extatic delight?

And have you really changed your name,
Henry,

Henry? continued Miss Elton. I hope not; it is an act that bears the appearance of meanness: a subterfuge I cannot bear to suppose you, who, my guardian used to say, was the most unreserved of mankind, can be guilty of.

Henry had very little to conceal. The motive and the act were the same thing with him. He had forsaken Lavinia Orthodox, left Ether, and changed his name. But those three acts were the effect of one and the same cause. He could have told Clara a tale, she would not have frowned him dead for revealing; but fear and modesty sealed his lips.

“ What should he do? in sweet confusion lost,
 “ And dubious flutterings, he a while remained.
 “ A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
 “ A delicate refinement known to few,
 “ Perplexed his breast.”

What, said Clara, her eyes full of tears, is it you fear, Henry? Why will you not suffer me to share your distress? Are you really in debt? What is the sum you are arrested for?

The

A question like this Henry had not yet asked himself; sure, that as *he* was not in debt, the serving the writ on him, was a mistake. It had occasioned him very little-anxiety before he saw Clara; and since, his thoughts had been fully engaged on matters, in which self had little share: but the sweet solicitude, the modest tenderness of her manner, were irresistible; he pressed her hand to his breast; he could not speak, but his silence was more expressive than the strongest powers of oratory.

Clara blushed.

Why, Miss, cried Trap, giving Henry the same signal from his left eye he had before given the attorney from his right, the writ is for twelve pounds!

Dellmore had seen Henry Conway coupled with Richard Roe and John Doe, but he had no curiosity about the name of the creditor; however, he now asked at whose suit.

Mr. Donald M'Dougal, answered Trap, as honest a gemman as any in England.

M'Dougal, cried Henry, who now began

gan to suspect there was no mistake on the part of Mr. Trap, impossible!

Mr. Trap disproved the impossibility, by producing the writ.

Henry's amazement struck him dumb. But the attorney, who was a gentleman of sufficient presence of mind for his practice, to his still greater surprize, now came forward, and after a few interrogatories, which drew from our hero an account of the night's transaction at the watch-house, acquainted him, that he had the honor to do business for Mr. Benwell, and had received instructions from that gentleman, to attend at Bow-street on the next morning, to lay before the magistrates there, an account of the misdemeanour of the night constable, and to take the proper steps to bring the offenders to punishment; and as he had no doubt but his employer's laudable endeavours would, when the matter was fairly investigated, be attended with the success it deserved, he did not wonder at the step M'Dougal had taken, to keep such a material evidence
out

out of the way; but his evil intentions would be frustrated, as *be*, Mr. Latitat, the attorney, would give his undertaking, which he was sure his friend Trap would not refuse, for the appearance of the prisoner.

But, well as Mr. Latitat, and Mr. Trap understood each other, on general occasions, the latter gentleman, either not foreseeing the conclusion of the former's interesting communication, or (the cause he himself afterwards assigned) from his extreme hurry of business, left the room; and enquiry being made, Mrs. Trap told them, her husband had been sent for in great haste, by an eminent gemman in the law, their partickler acquaintance, and it was uncertain when he would return.

On this information, Mr. Latitat made a wonderful discovery, namely, that his friend Trap was a great rascal, and capable of any villainy that did not militate against his own interest. A discovery Mr. Trap found himself inclined to make to Mr. Latitat, as soon as he understood how
much

much he was offended at the hurry of business that had, so mal-apropos for Henry, called him from home; which, to own the truth, was, as the judicious attorney guessed, a mere fetch, to detain the prisoner, on purpose, as he observed, to bring grist to his own mill.

Mr. Latitat promised to be with him early in the morning; and recollecting the hint, and a pretty broad one it must be confessed it was of his empty pockets, drew Henry aside, and begged, in Mr. Benwell's name, to have the honour of being his banker for the night.

Our hero did not want pride; and his honesty of heart, not knowing when, or how, he should be able to return the obligation, revolted from the sense of incurring a debt he was unable to pay. But Clara Elton was present: she had heard Trap's account of his poverty; and he saw in her swimming eyes, that she also felt it. If she pressed on him a pecuniary obligation, how could he refuse her offered favour, when she knew he stood in need of it?

And

And still more irksome would it be to him to accept it. Besides, as the attorney observed, in all likelihood his watch would be recovered: and at all events, the debt would be to Mr. Benwell, a person, who bore in his countenance, a certificate of the goodness of his heart; and of whom, he entertained a very respectable opinion.--- He therefore accepted, and took care it should be in sight of the ladies, a couple of pieces. Mr. Souflee, continuing adamant to the lamentations of Mrs. Napper, and the soft pleadings of her daughter, he together with his attorney, made their exit, leaving our hero in the enjoyment of all earthly blessings, being again re-seated by Clara Elton.

That young lady, who had been extremely disgusted at the place they were now in, who had shuddered at the iron bars and the idea of being locked in, and who had expressed the strongest impatience to leave it, became suddenly reconciled to what she before termed a dungeon. She would have some tea, and Henry should
tell

tell her his adventures; they could not have been very distressing, he looked so exceeding well.

Ah, Clara, sweet flatterer, answered he, again encircling her waist, and pressing her hand to his fond heart, while beams of tenderness shot from his eyes, and (if the bashful glances of her's might be believed) penetrated her soul, your goodness is cruelty.

Indeed, said Clara, in a voice scarce amounting to a whisper, which was answered in so low an accent it did not reach Mrs. Napper or her daughter; though, to do them justice, their ignorance of the subject of the whispering dialogue, which did not by any means promise a speedy termination, was not owing to a want of attention in those ladies, or to any deficiencies in the organs of their ears, but merely to a soft sink in the voice of both Henry and Clara, which seemed to die away as soon as a monosyllable was uttered, leaving between every sentence, a vast deal to be explained by the eyes.

What

What particular reason Miss Napper had for it, did not then transpire, but the little harmony her mother's imprisonment had left in her temper, totally evaporated at the sight of the fond pair. She eyed them askance, and resolved to put an end to an intercourse that did not exactly tally with her private wishes. Actuated therefore by motives best known to herself, she made a speech that tumbled our poor hero out of his heaven.

Bless me, Mr. Dellmore, said the genteel creature, what a rencontre! how fortunate! I am sure I am vastly glad. But pray, in a recollecting tone, didn't I hear that you was married? Sure, I think — O yes, we did. Miss Elton, you have not yet enquired after Mr. Dellmore's Lavinia. You are, without doubt, Sir, commenced Benedict?

This elegant interruption had the effect of enchantment, it changed Henry's cheeks from red to pale several times, it be-rugged Clara's one moment and be-lillied them the next, it withdrew her soft hand from
his

his affectionate grasp; and had that hand again been laid, with all the charms of invitation, in his way, it would have taken from him all power of resuming it.

O dear, that's true, cried the afflicted matron; I had really forgotten. I hope Mrs. Dellmore is well.

There was a triumph in the countenance of those ladies, a meaning in their eyes, that went yet farther than their words, and convinced Henry there was more spite and meaning than accident in the sudden recollection of Lavinia; but whatever were their motives, the consciousness of guilt, the sense of an engagement which actually subsisted, and the shame of confessing he had so entirely abandoned a woman he had ruined, all co-operated so powerfully, that Henry shrunk from the penetrating looks of the mother and daughter, and from the involuntary glances of Miss Elton. He arose without speaking, and deeply sighing, approached the grated window, where, excepting iron bars, no earthly thing was visible, and there fixed his eyes. Had the
window

window indeed, afforded the most luxuriant view, it is probable that the prospect would have been the last thing that would have attracted his notice; there he stood, a living statue, totally insensible to any thing but his own wretchedness.

Clara's disgust at the horrid dungeon, now returned; the room was so abominably close, there was no bearing it; she could not respire; indeed, she was quite ill; the tea was an age getting ready; she would not wait for it any longer. She wished Mr. Dellmore good-night; and after affectionately embracing her governess, took Miss Napper by the arm, and went away.

Henry's eyes followed Clara's steps; his heart bounded in his bosom at her last looks, and it sunk in despair when the sound of the lock and bolt grated on his ears, in fastening the door after she was let out; he now felt the bitterness of confinement; while Clara staid, he was too much depressed to speak to her; now she was gone, and now that he could not follow her,

her, he would have given his soul to have been at liberty, to have reconciled her again to the sweet friendship she had shewn him a few minutes before. Her hand, her waist, were yet within his grasp; imagination was aided by fancy, only to fill him with unceasing grief. Her departure left a tender regret on his memory, and his eyes looked to the chair in which she had sat, with a distress he could not conceal.

She is a dear, lovely girl, cried Mrs. Napper.

She is an angel, echoed Henry.

I have always thought, said the governess, that it was a pity you two had not come together.

Henry coloured.

But marriages, they say, are made in heaven.

Henry had his doubts.

Well, it is to be hoped, you will both be as happy in your different choice.

That Henry thought impossible.

As to Miss Elton, it will be her own fault if she do not marry very brilliantly.

Henry was all curiosity.

A gentleman of high rank, and monstrous large estate, is distractedly in love with her.

Poor Henry groaned.

Offers to settle all his fortune on her.

She has then refused him, cried he, eagerly, every nerve interested in the answer.

O, no; not so neither. But, dear creature, she is so excessively delicate, so timorously bashful. Refuse him! Refuse Sir James Restive, one of the handsomest men in England! No, no, it is visible enough she does not mean to refuse him! He is an elegant man.

The room was now becoming too close for our hero; he also found respiration very difficult.

O, said Mrs. Napper, if Sir James Restive had been in town, I should not have wanted a friend; no, I should not be confined for a paltry seventy or eighty pounds.

Dear

Dear generous creature, 'tis not money that *he* values.

Is Mr. Franklyn acquainted with the gentleman's pretensions? demanded Henry.

Why, no, answered she, not yet; Clara chuses it should be yet concealed; and indeed, I fancy the wedding, when it takes place, will be a very private one. But, Lord; here am I, old woman like, prating about my own affairs, (I call my dear Miss Elton's affairs my own) while you are as mute as a fish about your's. Why don't you tell me how Mrs. Dellmore does? I shall be happy to be introduced to her.

I am not married, Madam, replied our hero, coldly.

No! Well now, that was the oddest thing she ever knew. Why, every body at Ether believed the contrary.

Every body at Ether, he said, he was sure, did not believe so; Mr. Franklyn, in particular, had reasons to know this.

O, she begged pardon; she might be misinformed, but as the young lady and himself had chosen to absent themselves to-

gether, the conclusion was natural, and she thought some body had told it her as a fact; but her memory was bad, very bad, and her misfortunes had been so great that _____

Here her apology, and what she might be yet inclined to say, was interrupted by the entrance of a great personage.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

An Instance of Neighbourly Kindness.

THE person who broke in on the private conference of Mrs. Napper and Henry Dellmore, was, as I said in the conclusion of the last Chapter, a great personage.

It was Mr. Puffardo.

All the fawning civility with which he had been accustomed to treat Madam la Governante was entirely vanished, he addressed her with an affectation of a familiar kind

kind of pity, in which contempt and dislike were visibly blended, for which behaviour he had some reasons, which he very liberally assigned, and others which he chose to keep a profound secret; among the former was her extravagant living.

Poor despicable body, whose school had been founded by charity, and supported by cheating! proud beggars! with heads as high as monuments, and not a whole shift to their backs. Ough, he despised such cattle.

Among the latter were some unpolite liberties taken with *his* character, and that of his lady.

Mrs. Napper, though possessed of as large a share of cunning as generally falls to one woman's share, was not always so guarded in her speech and sentiments as is necessary in a world where curiosity is the predominant passion. She had in particular been very communicative to some of the women who chaired in her house, a sort of people with whom, at certain

times, she conversed on a very familiar footing, in regard to some anecdotes she had learned of the original and history of her neighbour Mr. Puffardo; such as,

That he was a low bred ignorant person, who had been apprentice to a dirty mechanical trade, from whence he had eloped, and condescended to commence English hero, on the same terms that Candidus became a Bulgarian one, save only that Puffardo willingly sold that freedom which Voltaire's hero was cheated of; that he had run the gauntlet through innumerable scenes of immoral indigence, before an advertisement threw him into Fortune's lap, by introducing him to his present lady, the then widow of a person who kept a poor day school in Ratcliff Highway, where he had, by dint of parsimonious industry, saved a few pounds, which was the foundation of all Mr. Puffardo's greatness. Those anecdotes being repeated to him, with additions, together with ignorant fellow, low vulgar creature, a man of no understanding, a woman of no character;

ter; now that she was done up, as he termed it, was what he could never forgive, and though he had been long acquainted with her sentiments, yet it being in some measure his interest to feign ignorance, and as feigning was the cleverest thing he could do, he had hitherto concealed his rancour under a mask of extreme civility; but now Mrs. Napper was ruined, and it was quite another thing; he did not mind offending her; and besides, though his visit was meant to be one of worldly compassion and mean triumph over his neighbour, he had his own interest in view.

There was a certain piece of ground, commonly called an orchard, which Mrs. Napper held on lease with her premises, and which stood most invitingly and conveniently opposite to Mr. Puffardo's garden; now on that piece of ground he cast many a look, that proved he did not hold the tenth commandment in the most perfect reverence, for there Mrs. Napper actually did, and Mr. Puffardo longed to, keep a cow; therefore one could as ill

spare it as the other could content himself without it; and with those convenient premises in view, the pedagogue visited his distressed neighbour, for the double purpose of mortifying her, and serving himself.

He began, after the first salutations, by declaring how sorry and how surprised he was to see her in that disagreeable dilemma; he had always supposed Mrs. Napper was getting money as fast as he himself was, and *that*, he thanked God, was pretty well; he could leave business when he pleased; he could take his friend by the hand, and bid him enter the house of an independent man: and as his friend Mrs. Napper had as great a number of scholars, he thought her to be in the same thriving way. To be sure, he believed he did not sit up quite so late, or dress hot suppers, nor drink so much punch; but what of that, every body to their fancy, it was his to keep out of debt; what was one man's meat was another's poison; and it would be all the same an hundred years hence. He advised her
to

to keep up her spirits; when things were at the worst, they would mend.

The lady was far from relishing this mode of comfort, she wept, but her tears were not those of distress for her circumstances, they flowed in mere spite; neither could they be called silent tears, as she had never found herself less disposed to be *seen* and *not heard*. She hoped God would protect her from the malice and wickedness of the world; she wondered people were not ashamed of themselves; truly, it would better become some folks to look at home; she thought there was little to blame in keeping genteel company, *all* the quality of Eastsheen visited HER; she believed there were people in the world who would not grudge much more than a hot chicken, and a basin of warm punch, to entertain such company; to be sure there were folks whom some people would not visit on any terms, no not if they might be treated with nectar and ortolans.

Mr. Puffardo could not bear an inuendo, the more provoking because true, for he
was

was little esteemed, and less respected where he lived, and the offence offered his vanity and pride was the more unpardonable, as coming from a person so much beneath him, one who was so infinitely his inferior, inasmuch as she was poor, and incumbered with debts, and he was not. Swelling with indignation, he proudly rose and told her, a little more prudence heretofore, and a little more humility now, would much better suit her circumstances; that he came, hearing of her distress, to offer to serve her, but he should leave her to the comfort of reflecting on the grandeur of her acquaintance; and turning scornfully from her, he was going away, too angry to consider the utility of the orchard; but he had not advanced two paces towards the door when he saw Henry. What Mumps again! exclaimed he in astonishment.

Mortifying as was our hero's present situation, neither that, nor the anguish of his mind, had rendered him very meek spirited. The person who had given him
the

the nick name of Mumps, under circumstances which would have rendered him respectable to a feeling heart, was equally the object of his contempt and dislike; the right to take the liberty of addressing him by so despicable an appellation, had originated in his friendless and defenceless situation, he was still in the same predicament with respect to friends; but personal insults requiring personal chastisement, he found himself very much inclined to be the champion of his own cause; and his mind, rendered irascible by the preceding conversation he had held with Mrs. Napper, was soon inflamed to a pitch of rage that Mr. Puffardo would have found it difficult to withstand, had not the sudden entrance of Mr. Trap, by diverting his attention, saved the quondam master from the violence his old scholar was on the point of committing on his person.

Mr. Trap having watched Mr. Latitat out, very leisurely entered his own dwelling; the eminent german in the law, whose sudden business had, by calling him
out,

out, detained our hero, was one who had no corporeal substance, he was a phantom of Mrs. Trap's own brain, who being ordered by her husband to invent an excuse for his absence, had chosen to render that excuse as respectable as possible. To be sure Mr. Trap's plan was, as far as concerned himself, (which is generally the prime consideration in most peoples plans) a very reasonable one. Here, said he to his wife, Latitat's a fly dog, he would not have been in such a hurry to serve that young man, if so be as how he was not worth serving; and to be sure I had a mortal deal of trouble to get him, besides paying the coach, neither has he spent a shilling here, so that it can be no harm to give him a little time; and besides, there's M'Dougal, we ought in conscience to let him know what's going forward.

Mr. M'Dougal had a numerous set of employers and friends; he was exceeding liberal minded, no delicate scruples, no narrow prejudices, prevented his doing all in his power to live; he was sometimes an
 assistant

assistant to justice, as a thief taker; at others, when a case offered that required particular sagacity, he also condescended to accept a commission from gentlemen in Mr. Trap's way, and he was first man at several houses in the purlieu of Covent Garden, where means were found to assist young men in getting rid of two things of very little value, namely, time and money; in short, so various were the abilities of Mr. Donald M^c Dougal, that his assistance was often of great service, and his acquaintance much solicited, by a certain order of men, without whom, it has been said, the constitution could not be supported, it being found absolutely necessary that villains should be employed to enforce laws designed to guide honest men.

Mr. Trap therefore ought in conscience, he said, to inform Mr. M^c Dougal of what was going forward, which having done, he returned, as I before said, just in time to save Mr. Puffardo a drubbing.

The school-master, highly incensed at the presumption of a person who had been,

as

as he reproached him, fed and cloathed by his charity, no sooner found that Trap, (whose muscular power appeared in a very encouraging light to a man who wanted a protector) was determined to keep the king's peace, and that he had a couple of stout fellows ready at call, than he gave way to the natural rancor of his heart, and abused our hero with great bitterness, who listened to him with silent scorn, and inwardly vowed to take an opportunity of severely revenging his scurrility.

Puffardo, more enraged at this conduct, (which, though it had the appearance of cool scorn, was in reality the effect of smothered rage) than he would have been had Henry's passion been vented like his own, in low abuse, demanded payment for his board; swore he would take legal measures to recover it, and sneeringly expressed great mortification at the necessity he was under of reminding so fine a gentleman of his original, which, he added, was that of an impostor.

Trap,

Trap, with the interest of M'Dougal at heart, laughed at this ; and again making use of his eye, to invite Puffardo to follow him, left the room.

The signal was perfectly understood, and he was soon made acquainted with as much of Dellmore's history, and indeed somewhat more, than Puffardo himself knew to be true. The result of this conference was, most strenuous advice from Trap to swear to the debt, and lodge a detainer against Dellmore, alias Conway ; which, as he had been four years at East Sheen after Mrs. Dellmore absconded, amounted to a pretty tightish sum, and which Mr. Trap presumed Mr. Benwell would not pay.

Mr. Puffardo was a hot-headed, ignorant, inconsiderate being ; but it was seldom indeed he was so lost in passion or folly, as to be unmindful of what he called the main chance, *i. e.* his own advantage. At the first sight of Henry, his genteel appearance on one hand, and his contempt of him on the other, had suggested an idea, founded both on interest and revenge,
he

he resolved to make an effort to recover the money he conceived to be his due, for the miserable morsel which had barely supported his existence; but, when he found from Trap's representation, how poor and destitute he yet was, all the eloquence of that able orator could not prevail on him to throw good money after bad; he would by no means give into a scheme he had cunning enough to see was meant to answer some other purpose, at his expence; and having a little cooled since he had sat down over a bottle with Mr. Trap, the advantage of the orchard, with the quantity of choice winter apples it produced, as well as the before mentioned grazing for a cow, recurred to his memory, and he determined within himself not to be provoked, by any thing Mrs. Napper could say, to lose sight of the orchard.

Mrs. Napper lost not a moment of the time of his absence; enraged at his reproaches on her extravagance, and amazed at a freedom of speech he had never before presumed to make use of towards her,

the

the wounds inflicted both on her pride and vanity were insupportable; she did not in her turn spare him. After recapitulating every scandalous anecdote she could either recollect or invent of himself and family, and finding her auditor cooled in his attention, in proportion as she grew warm, she hit on an expedient to make Dellmore her partizan, by giving him an inventory, from memory, of several elegant and valuable presents they had from time to time received from Mrs. Dellmore; and from those, the transition to the cruelty and ingratitude with which he had been treated by them, was both just and natural. He had not till now any idea that he could have a claim of justice on the indulgence of the Puffardo's, but the many generous acts Mrs. Napper brought fresh to his memory, and which he now perfectly recollected to have witnessed from Mrs. Dellmore to them, filled him with a fond regret for her, and encreased his hatred of them.

When Mr. Puffardo returned to the apartment, notwithstanding his placid countenance and fawning address, he had, from the gloomy brow of the lady, and the resentful looks of her companion, very small hopes of succeeding in his designs on the orchard; he had indeed no sooner dropped a hint of his proposal, than Mrs. Napper declared, if she were obliged to part with her orchard, which thank God was not the case, he, Mr. Puffardo, should be the last man on earth to whom she would dispose of it.

This frank declaration again raised the anger of the school-master, who repeated the reflections he had before cast on her want of œconomy, with aggravations and additions, and proceeded from one reproach to another, till having gone through a long routine of folly and expence, debts contracted without a possibility of paying them, dissipation and waste, where, he for one justly said, order and regularity were more particularly expected; and lastly, having upbraided her with planning

ning the destruction of that sweet girl Miss Elton, whose name, mentioned under such circumstances, electrified Henry, Mrs. Dellmore was no longer remembered; he was all ear, and his countenance changed its resentful cast, curiosity only animated his features; he eagerly listened while Puffardo proceeded to charge her with associating with a poor beggarly man of fashion, in order to retrieve her own finances, by giving him possession of the young heiress, who was so shamefully left under her care.

Henry's opinion of Puffardo was so very contemptible, that it was on no other subject he could have given the smallest degree of credit to his most solemn asseveration; but on a theme so interesting, a hint was sufficient to inspire hope, to excite fear. Mrs. Napper's insinuation that Clara was partial to her lover, might, he hoped it *might*, be founded on her own wishes, which (considering her as the designer she was represented it was natural to suppose) were bound to her interest; and he *feared* (what has an ardent lover not to fear in such a situation?)

situation ?)---He listened with profound attention for something farther on the subject, but Puffardo, having vented his spite and his revenge in exposing and insulting the prisoners, thought proper to take himself away.

Our hero would then have engaged Mrs. Napper on the concerns of Miss Elton, but she chose to parry his design by answering one question with asking another; she was dying with curiosity to know all, how, and about, Mrs. Dellmore, who, she heard, was vastly handsome.

Thus foiled in the desire of his soul, he retired to a wretched bed, (where payment was demanded as soon as he entered) notwithstanding the lady's pressing request, that he would favour her with his company to eat a chicken for supper, a meal she protested she could not do without.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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